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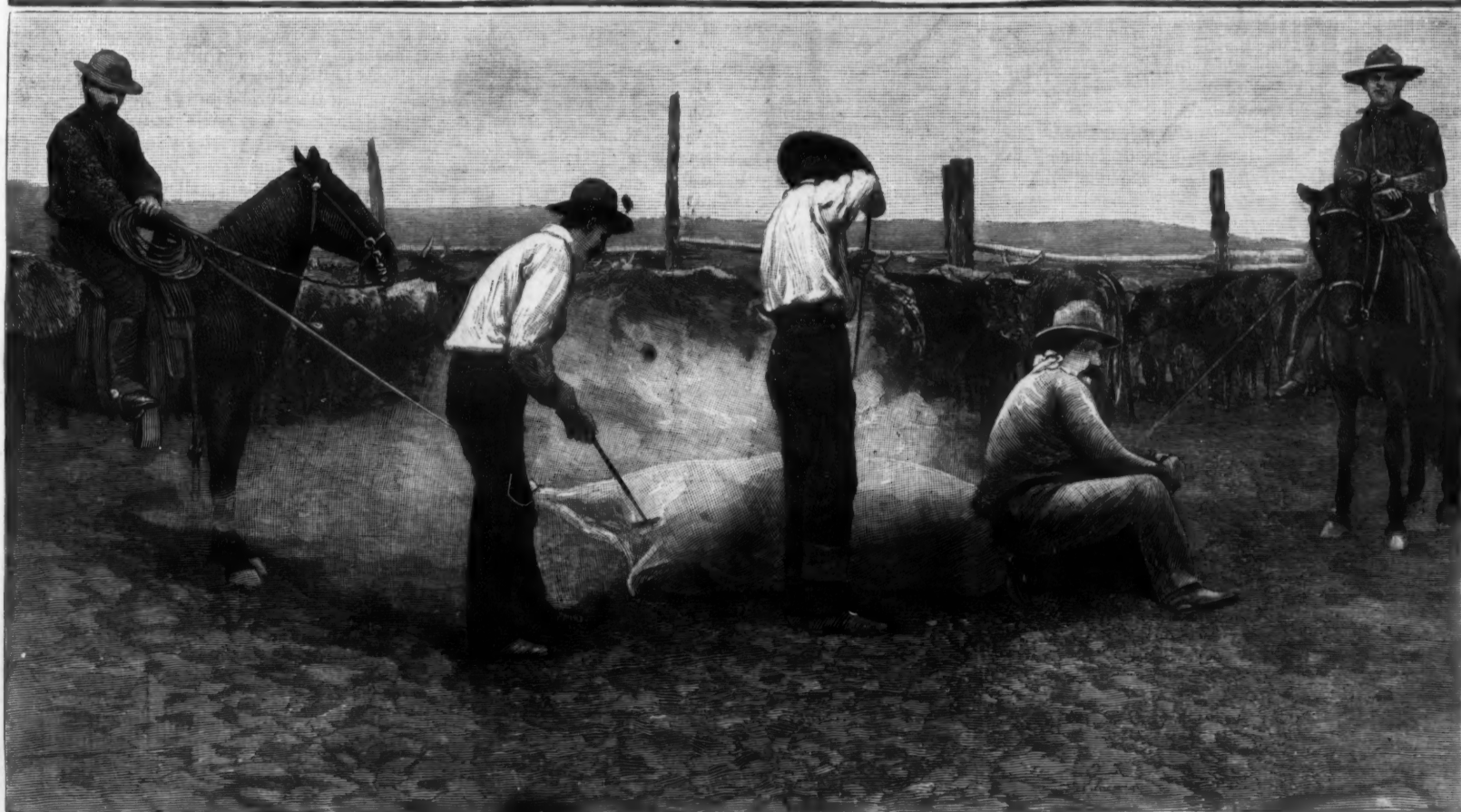


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PITCHING BRONCOS. 2. BRANDING A STEER.

SCENES AMONG THE COWBOYS ON THE WESTERN PLAINS.
FROM PHOTOS. BY C. D. KIRKLAND, CHEYENNE—SEE PAGE 118.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, APRIL 9, 1887.

THE FIGHT WITHIN THE CHURCH.

ARE the Knights of Labor a "churchable" Order for Catholics? This is essentially the question now pending before the highest authority known to the Church of Rome short of a General Council, namely, the Pope himself, aided by all his immediate advisers. Cardinal Gibbons's argument in defense of the Knights, approved apparently by Cardinal Manning, and Dr. McGlynn's lecture in behalf of one of the socialistic theories concerning land, do not nominally relate to the same question. Virtually, however, they supplement and stand in alliance with each other. They indicate that there are Roman prelates in America who are not only prepared to see the veil of the temple rent in twain over an economic question, but who are openly crossing swords in a combat so entirely new in its essential elements, and vast in its possible results, that the sharpest ken cannot measure the catastrophe it may produce.

Like many other questions, it has its superficial and its profound aspect. Superficially, the contest strengthens temporarily the hold of Catholicism on the popular mind, by indicating that it has the breadth, scope and versatility to represent, at least for the time being, both sides of the issue. A certain breadth of dualism is essential to the highest capacity to comprehend and expand. Those who can see but one side of a question seldom retain the friendship of those who can only see the other.

Of course this involves, in an equally superficial aspect, a possible rupture within the Church, and a tendency to divide into an "American" school and a conservative, Italian or ultramontane school of Catholicism. The cheers that were given for Dr. McGlynn as "an American priest," at his lecture in the Academy of Music last week, indicate the terms in which the parties to the new crusade will name themselves and their antagonists.

Again, still preserving the superficial aspect of the question, the new crusade will have the advantage of being able to quote in its behalf much in the precepts and example of the early Christian Church, and of its first apostles and Founder, and of appealing readily to the emotional side of human nature, which is in close affinity with the religious side. They will, singularly enough, have also the favoring indorsement of many chronic representatives of insubordination and discontent in society, including men known as economists, philosophers, atheists and revolutionists, like Mill; Spencer, Marx and Bokounin. They will naturally be led by the quality of this support to claim that they are the representatives of progressive and advanced economic ideas as well as of standard Catholic orthodoxy.

It may not be wholly amiss to recognize also that, as the Church of Rome is within itself a thoroughly socialistic organization, however aristocratic or autocratic may be its form of government, and however individualism may mark its exterior policy, not a few of its priests will be strongly and conscientiously inclined, by their habits of thought and priestly education, to favor plans for extending to society the fundamental ideas which it practices within itself, especially when the organizations for socializing society shall declare themselves to be under essentially Catholic influence and dictation.

Under all these favoring influences, it is not to be denied that the Gibbons-McGlynn movement is likely to catch a good deal of wind, and to do some good sailing.

And yet it is precisely because all these facts are true that the Gibbons-McGlynn crusade is exactly what its professed prototype, the original crusades, were, namely, a stupendous exhibition of emotional folly, having in view the attainment of results which are impossible, and involving in their course nothing but infatuation, disaster, and social cruelty. McGlynn is critically exact when he likens the present movement to abolish private titles to land to the old crusades for the capture of the Holy Sepulchre from the Moslems. It was true then that so long as the Spirit of Christ was in the hearts of men it mattered not who controlled His Sepulchre. The failure to see this truth was fruitful only of crime and degradation, of suffering and brutality, which cost the lives of many millions of persons. It is equally true to-day that it matters not who owns the private titles to land, or any other form of property, so long as society generally is obtaining the most equal possible use of all its consumable wealth for immediate consumption, and the most economic control of all its reproductive wealth for efficient production. This it is, in fact, doing, by means which, like the movements of the tides in the ocean, are too deep to be reversed by any human will only because they embody the Universal and Ultimate Will.

All men know more than one man. Society at large moves on its way as much more wisely than any human agency can move it, as the movements of the stars are above the plans of the star-gazers. Gibbons and McGlynn can do no more towards elevating the destitute into power over the well-to-do, or towards preventing some from becoming destitute relatively to others, than Canute could do towards turning back the tides by get-

ting his feet wet. But they will be popular among the destitute for their effort. As it is in this country largely upon the poorly circumstanced that the Church of Rome depends for its supply of means, it is well that a portion of its priesthood should take this ground, if regarded only from the standpoint of business economy. Here, however, the advantage, temporary at the best, ends. It would be a great misfortune to civilization if any very considerable religious organization should become afflicted with the hallucination that all men could be made happy by simply rendering it impossible that any man should become rich.

THE BURNING ISSUE.

NOBODY can have watched the course of legislation in the various States during the past Winter without becoming convinced that the liquor problem is the burning issue in this country. There is scarcely a body of law-makers in which this question has failed to cut a prominent figure, while in a number of cases it has overshadowed all other subjects.

In several States determined efforts have been made to secure the submission to popular vote of constitutional amendments embodying the principle of prohibition in the fundamental law. In six cases these efforts have proved successful, three of the Legislatures voting such submission being Republican bodies in Northern States—Michigan, Oregon and Pennsylvania; and three Democratic bodies in Southern States—Tennessee, West Virginia and Texas. The action of the Pennsylvania Legislature, however, is only the first step, and must be ratified by another Legislature before the matter can go to the people. In Michigan the vote was set for the day of the Spring judicial election, April 4th, and the result will be already known to our readers. Texas and Oregon vote on the amendment next Summer, and Tennessee and West Virginia in the Fall.

Three Legislatures have defeated propositions for prohibition amendments—Republican bodies in Illinois and Nebraska, and a Democratic body in Missouri. It is noteworthy that in each of these States the high-license system has been in operation for several years, and its successful working has proved a strong argument against experimenting with prohibition.

The success of these Western States with high-license was a chief element in carrying the Crosby Bill through the New York Legislature, as well as in strengthening those who advocate immediate high-license in Pennsylvania, pending the result of the attempt to put prohibition into the Constitution. Massachusetts has a local-option system, under which there is a steady tendency towards higher fees where licenses are granted at all, and the lower branch of the Legislature has just passed a Bill, in which the upper will doubtless concur, limiting the number of licenses that may be granted to one to every 500 people.

Even in States which have put prohibition into the Constitution, the liquor question still demands a large share of legislative attention. Maine has just tinkered her laws again, the new statute forbidding the sale of cider for tipping purposes, imposing the penalty of thirty days' imprisonment for the first offense of liquor-selling, and making the payment of a United States internal revenue tax *prima facie* evidence of illegal sale, since a druggist is not required to pay that tax for using liquors in honestly compounding medicines. Kansas has made it unlawful for any person to sell intoxicating liquor without having procured a druggist's permit from the probate judge of the county, which may be granted for one year, but is revocable at any time, and the druggist can only sell to any person upon the latter's making affidavit that the liquor is necessary for medical purposes, and will not be used as a beverage.

It is evident enough, from this review of the field, that the restriction of the drink evil is the most engrossing question now before the American people. Public sentiment everywhere demands the most effective measures against promiscuous liquor-selling which appear practicable. Among sincere men the only question is as to what is practicable. The resolution to have something positive done is nowhere stronger than in New York city itself, the chief sufferer from the evil, and the pronounced sentiment in favor of high-license in the metropolis will be reflected upon the statute-book at no distant day, even though the threatened veto of Governor Hill should thwart it for this year.

"GROTESQUE AND MALIGNANT."

THE Irish Coercion Bill, which had its first reading in the Commons on Friday last, is worse even than it had been reported to be, and the severe language in which the Liberal Press of England, and Liberal and Parnellite orators in Parliament, denounce it, is none too strong to describe what John Morley calls its "grotesque and malignant" features. Some provisions of the measure, as they were officially presented, were found to be more objectionable than others, but in its spirit and details it is, as Mr. Gladstone says, insulting and exasperating.

Briefly, Lord Salisbury's proposition is to give the Viceroy authority to proclaim societies found to be disturbing the public peace, and threatens the National League with forcible suppression. It proposes to deny the right of trial by jury in cases of criminal conspiracy, boycotting, rioting, and various agrarian offenses, and

permits magistrates to sentence suspects at their own discretion. A change of venue for the trial of persons accused of crimes from one part of Ireland to another is provided for, and in certain cases of aggravated crimes and violence, from Ireland to England. Inciting boycotting, conspiracy or agrarian crimes may be punished by the magistrates—a provision evidently aimed at the freedom of the Irish Press.

Coercion in its milder forms, as applied in Ireland by Mr. Forster and Sir George Trevelyan, signally failed, at a time when the amount of crime in Ireland was so great as to shock the civilized world and close the mouth of most effective protest. To-day, no such state of affairs exists. Agrarian crimes have diminished in number and decreased in violence, and the only formidable obstruction of law is in the Plan of Campaign, against which even this draconian measure would be ineffective. If it is the desire of the Government to provoke the Irish people to open rebellion in order to have an excuse for crushing out the last spark of liberty in the Emerald Isle, no more effective measure could be devised.

PREPARING FOR 1888.

EVERY important movement in national politics from this time forward will be viewed in the light of its probable effect upon the Presidential contest of next year. The real struggle for the nominations of the two parties will begin with the meeting of Congress next December, but even now political managers and thoughtful men of both parties are beginning to weigh every incident and to inquire whether it may not be a straw showing the direction in which the political wind is likely to blow ten months hence.

In the Republican party two men stand foremost. Mr. Blaine is *facile princeps*; even those who would most strenuously oppose his nomination in 1888 must admit that. No other man in this country of either party has as large or as earnest a personal following—no man has had such an one since the days of Henry Clay. If Mr. Blaine desires the nomination, and is willing to use the means that are ordinarily employed by candidates to obtain it, there is very little doubt that he will be the Republican candidate again next year. But we believe it is true that he is doing nothing whatever to secure the prize. Nowhere do we see any evidence of an attempt to concentrate sentiment in the Republican party in his favor. That sentiment, so far as it exists—and every intelligent observer must admit that it is widespread—is spontaneous. That Mr. Blaine would accept the nomination if it should come to him unsought we cannot doubt, but we do not believe that he will this time lift a finger to secure the leadership.

Next in rank to Mr. Blaine in the Republican party stands Senator Sherman, whose recent speech at Nashville has produced such a profound effect throughout the country, and especially in the South. Never before has that section been in a mood to listen with so much interest and respect to the doctrines he enunciated as now; and whether we like it or not, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that a great breach is being made in the hitherto solid ranks of the Southern revenue reformers. Whether the protectionists of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Alabama will become the controlling element in the Democratic party of those States, or will leave that party and thus break its power, not only in the South but in the nation, is a problem that only time can solve; but in either case a revolution in the South is unquestionably imminent. And that revolution bodes no good to the Democratic party. What its effect upon the Republican party may be the future alone can reveal. Stranger things have happened than that Senator Sherman's candidacy for the Presidency—if he be a candidate—should be promoted by this pending readjustment of political conditions.

Senator Sherman's recent speech is the more important because it outlines, in part at least, what will probably be the leading issues of the next Presidential campaign. And yet he said nothing new. He simply presented what has been an essential feature of the Republican policy touching the industries of the country. It is not because Protection as against Free Trade is a new party watchword, but because there is a prospect that it may be adopted as the watchword in sections of the country where it was never popular before, that the political future is so full of doubt and uncertainty.

A DEPLORABLE EXAMPLE.

WITHIN a few years the "idle rich" have made amateur theatricals not merely fashionable, but the rage. The performances which, beginning in private parlors, have been held in the theatres, have commanded an assiduous devotion, due, it has been claimed, to a philanthropic desire to assist charitable enterprises. No doubt some excellent people have been actuated by this motive, forgetting that charity would be more benefited by directly receiving the labor and money expended upon the theatricals. No doubt, also, the stronger and more general motives have been infatuation with the stage, personal ambition and vanity, a craving for publicity, and in some cases for social advancement. Another motive still has evidently influenced one conspicuous member of the amateur company which has been most prominently before our public. Under all the circumstances it is fair to infer that Mrs. Potter's purpose for some time has been finally to turn the publicity gained by amateur acting into money. Amateur actors and actresses have been made much of by the daily Press, and unless all accounts are false, these same seekers for fame have made much of the society reporters. No breath of criticism was allowed to chill Mrs. Potter

and her associates. Her name was always in print, her praises continually sung. Now and then some wild sensation was ventured upon. "Ostler Joe" in Washington set all tongues wagging, and before they stopped, her puff of a cosmetic renewed their energy. If this notoriety had been offensive, it could have been stopped at any time by withdrawal from the amateur stage to private life. But as the lady still kept herself before the public, it is reasonable to suppose either that the notoriety was agreeable, or that she intended to coin it into dollars. No professional actress bent upon self-advertisement could have played her cards more adroitly. She even piqued public curiosity by denying, just before sailing for Europe, that she intended to go upon the professional stage. Perhaps, as in politics, it is injudicious for the amateur candidate for popular favor to come forward too early.

The next step in this curious career was the announcement from Paris that she was to go upon the stage, and that various theatrical lights had recognized her "genius" and her "devotion to her art." Others have deemed years of preparation necessary. Our heroine, after a few weeks of "coaching," was announced as ready to make her *début*, not as a modest beginner, but as a claimant of the highest honors. Strangely enough, however, more was heard about the approbation of the Prince of Wales—a dubious compliment—than of the aspirant's faithfulness in study and her proficiency. In London her social position and newspaper celebrity at home had already been used to gain admission to inner circles. To be sure, at least one person to whom she was under substantial obligations was thrown aside in this process, but when a ladder has served its purpose it may as well be kicked down. On this side, the accounts of social triumphs in London and the attentions of the Prince of Wales were sedulously circulated. One thought of Barnum using America's eagerness for Jumbo in London, and London's reluctance to part with him in America. Nevertheless, the *débutante* scored her points. She obtained the powerful patronage of the Prince and his set, and remembering the value of newspaper indorsement, invoked the help of Mr. Labouchère and his literary friends, whose complaisance, however, she did not hesitate, afterwards, to abuse. Having thus gained for herself a strong social and journalistic backing, her *début* was made to appear an affair of importance to two continents. But, alas! when the *début* was made, not even the presence and applause of the Prince—who was not accompanied by the Princess—could arouse the enthusiasm or interest of the audience, and not even the vague praises and labored explanations of her journalistic friends could disguise the fact that the *début* was a failure. Evidently her acting has not improved since impartial judges were depressed by her performances in New York. Possibly personal attractiveness and notoriety, her trump cards, may procure some measure of success, but a long apprenticeship is to be served before she can equal even her model, Mrs. Langtry, as an actress.

If Mrs. Potter had extraordinary genius, and were willing to begin at the beginning and work up and stand on her own merits, it would be a different matter. If she were driven by necessity to seek a remunerative occupation, she would deserve the kindest treatment. But no such necessity exists; her motives are entirely different, and they entitle her to no charity. Her methods, her use of all manner of artifices, and social wirepulling, could scarcely be improved upon by the shrewdest theatrical manager. Thus backed, she enters a profession where others with more talent have toiled long and faithfully for every step they have gained. They have recognized acting as a profession requiring long study and experience, and they have undergone years of training and earned advancement, only to find themselves elbowed aside by a self-confident amateur with a strong social and journalistic support. To such hard, earnest workers it must seem that merit is nowhere in comparison with the art of *reclame*. The injustice of all this is pitiful. Moreover, the Potter career, if successful, means the encouragement of amateur vanity, the invasion of the stage by others feebly endowed and half trained, and its demoralization. If acting is to be taken as a serious profession, and not as a mere means of tickling public curiosity, the lady who lately played at the Haymarket in London is not to be accepted as an actress, and her example is an injury to the cause of honest art.

AID FOR HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

It is too late in the day to discuss either the desirability or the practicability of training negroes and Indians to be the instructors and the social renovators of their own peoples. In view of the facts of the last half-dozen years, there is no longer any room to doubt that the best solution of the Indian problem, the speediest method of raising the negro race to its highest development, is to give these peoples a cultured class of their own. This is what the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute has for years been endeavoring to effect, and its endeavors, though sadly restricted by inadequate means, have been crowned with a very signal success. Many of the negro graduates of the Institute rank high enough in intellectual and in practical attainment to decidedly raise the standard of culture among their race, while for the Indian tribes there is no better hope than in the educated youths who have gone back to their homes, after a few years in Hampton, trained in civilized arts by which they may revolutionize the idea of life among their own people, or fitted to act the part of teachers to the rising generation. If the hope of the human race is in education, much more is this true of the Indian and negro races, who must remain a hindrance to national progress, and a source of national danger, until they are brought into harmony with the general ideas of culture, of progress and of mutual responsibility.

It is therefore a matter of national interest as well as of national honor that the Institute at Hampton, after the very adequate proof of its utility which it has given, should need be put upon a self-supporting and permanent basis. Hitherto it has been very largely a charity institution. Although receiving an appropriation from the State of Virginia as an "Agricultural College," and an allowance from the United States of \$167 per capita for the support of the one hundred and twenty Indians who are receiving instruction there, it is still a private enterprise, and is dependent upon private benevolence for the fifty thousand dollars additionally necessary every year for its support. A heavy loss is annually to be made good in the industrial department, which can never, in the nature of things, be made self-supporting. It is in this industrial department, with its thirteen different workshops, that the youth of these two races receive that training in practical things which, in the case of the negro, fits them for self-support, and in that of the Indian, performs the important function of preparing them to be pioneers of civilization and centres of harmonizing influence among their own people.

It is desired to raise a fund of five hundred thousand dollars as a partial endowment, which shall give a permanent backing to the industrial system, and aid in meeting general expenses. The meetings for this purpose which have recently been held in this city have awakened a wide interest and have been largely attended, and it is to be hoped that the interest will not be permitted to subside until the desired end is attained. Five hundred thousand dollars is a small sum of money in consideration of the far-reaching bene-

fits which it will insure; it is a small sum, also, in proportion to the wealth and the generous impulses of the men and women of New York. It is by no means too large a sum to be a fitting testimonial of appreciation of the devotion of General Armstrong, who has given the best years and the best energies of his life to the building up of this noble enterprise.

TENNYSON'S JUBILEE ODE.

IF there ever was a case in which silence had been golden, this is the one. Every one knows that verses written to order will not be poetry, and that the Laureate for the time being must work up his inspiration as with the handle of a force-pump; but, in spite of the sleepy Court subjects and the benumbing official harness, Tennyson is a great and an exquisite poet, and it is always a new and a painful surprise to his readers when he consents to sign with his great name a number of lifeless, rhetorical lines, without form, and void as chaos. That fatal laurel,

—“greener from the brows
Of him who uttered nothing base,”

was poppy and mandragora to the genius of Tennyson. He has struggled against it through all these years, and at times almost triumphantly; but year by year he has lost something of his magic touch and, in these later days, even the faultless versification which Emerson has described: "There is no finer ear than Tennyson's, nor greater command of the keys of language. Color, like the dawn, flows over the landscape."

Is it age that makes the difference? Who can believe this of a nature so richly endowed with strength as well as grace, and with a physical health of so grand a type? Victor Hugo died much older than Tennyson is, and yet retained to the very last his mastery over rhythm and expression. But Victor Hugo made no compromise with powers and conventionalities. He was unreasonable often, and extravagant, and wild, but he was himself, and he took his inspiration, not from an official signification, but from the genius within him. Tennyson descends from his native height to walk under the shadow of the respectable matron who sits on the British throne, and feel the great thoughts strike along his brain in her sleepy presence; and what he produces is dull and decent and depressing as Victoria herself, and as innocent of poetry. Where there is no poetic thought or expression, we look, naturally, for something not unworthy of attention as prose; and even this is wanting in the Jubilee Ode.

Fifty years the Queen has reigned; she is loved for a rare kindness; no one worthier has worn the diadem, and her Jubilee Year is full of prosperous auguries. But there is one shadow on her reign, and when Tennyson writes of prosperous auguries in this crowning Year of Jubilee, he forgets what he, the poet, least of all men, is allowed to forget, the silent and terrible figure of England's victim, more bitterly and more cruelly outraged to-day than at any time in these long fifty years. And yet in a sense he did not forget Ireland. The tenth stanza, with its unrhythmical enumeration of classes and national names, shows that he felt the presence of the thought that makes all his perfunctory verse ring false and hollow:

"You, the mighty, the fortunate;
You, the lord territorial;
You, the lord manufacturer;
You, the hardy, laborious, patient children of Albion;
You Canadian, Indian, Australian, African,
All your hearts be in harmony, all your voices in unison,
Singing hail to the glorious,
Golden year of her Jubilee!"

It were easy to parody this poor stuff, but no imitation could be quite so strained as the original.

It was well enough that such an accident as Victoria's fiftieth year should be celebrated in feeble song; but that the singer should be Tennyson is a real calamity.

COLONEL HIGGINSON has declared that the doors of the Republican party would be held wide open for those who scratched the head of the Presidential ticket. So they should be held, wide open, to turn out every man who scratches any other head than his own. Even a ticket has its rights.

THE most notable of actual experiments towards heating railway cars by other means than stoves is that put in operation last week on the New York, Boston and Albany Railroad. A train of six cars, specially constructed at this company's shops, heated through by steam pipes on the Martin system, and lighted by electricity, has made the regular trips between New York and Boston, and the passengers were made perfectly comfortable without the aid of either stoves or oil lamps. This train may be regarded as the pioneer of a great reform, of which it has been the first in the world to demonstrate the possibilities.

THE trunk lines and other railroads represented in the Central Traffic Association have agreed to abolish the payment of ticket commissions to agents. This abuse, which began more than thirty-five years ago, has grown to such enormous proportions, that it is estimated it is now costing the railways of the United States, directly and indirectly, at the rate of more than five millions of dollars annually, and has, to a great extent, been the means by which the ticket-scalpers have been built up. Sixty-seven roads concur in the abolition of the system. The principal roads of the country have also called in all free passes which are not lawful for interstate travel under the recent Act of Congress; and it is calculated that, as a result of this new policy, the incomes of some companies will be increased to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

THERE is an oft-quoted phrase of Sterne's, the beauty and simplicity of which cause it to be sometimes erroneously attributed to a Biblical source: "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." This received a new illustration last week, in the case of the Borek children, boy and girl, aged respectively ten and three years, and who came all the way across the continent alone. The children of a mother who had deserted her husband in New York, and her little ones in San Francisco, they were shipped like freight from the latter city to the former. Their fare was paid, an addressed tag was tied to the arm of the boy, and the rest was left to fate and the people along the line. The little travelers got through all right, and were met by their father at New York. Clearly, one may encounter a great many more good hearts than bad ones, in traveling from ocean to ocean.

THE great ocean race of the *Coronet* and *Dauntless*, in which the *Coronet* was the winner by a day, opened what promises to be a most brilliant yachting season. The latter of these boats will remain abroad and take part in the important regattas which are to form a part of the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee, and to win fresh honors, we have no doubt, and the former, whether she is retained by her present owner or sold, is certain to be heard from again. On this side of the ocean the *Thistle*, a new vessel, built in

Scotland expressly for the purpose, will make a contest for the America's cup, which the *Galatea* and *Genesta* failed to win back from its American holders, and preparations are making for a series of other races scarcely less important. Several new yachts of large tonnage and most approved model, both sail and steam, will be in commission, and the American fleet of pleasure and racing vessels will be larger and stronger than ever before. If the ships of other nations engaged in foreign trade have crowded those of the United States from the seas, and if our navy is a national reproach, there is no danger that we shall forget how to build ships or lose the art of seamanship while we have such craft afloat as the *Puritan* and *Mayflower*, the *Coronet* and the *Dauntless*, and a coastwise and lake commerce surpassing in tonnage that of any other country on the globe.

DESPITE the claims put forth by advocates of the Blair Educational Bill, the South continues to show that it is able and anxious to educate itself. In Tennessee, the Senate, while rejecting a Bill for an increased lump sum for the schools, has increased the proportion of the general State tax devoted to the schools, and added a part of what is called the privilege tax, thus raising the proportion for the School Fund from 10 to 15 cents on every \$100 of property, or more than doubling it. The appropriation for the Normal School is doubled, although her public-school system was established only about fifteen years ago; many of the counties are also levying school taxes, and the Memphis *Appeal* says that the schools of the State can now be kept open for nine months of the year. In other words, Tennessee has built up by itself an efficient school system, one of the most encouraging evidences of the healthy development of the New South.

THERE are some indications that the differences between the United States and Canada as to the fishery question will soon be settled in a way that will obliterate much of the ill-feeling engendered by the tedious dispute. A Montreal dispatch informs us that preparations are in progress throughout the Dominion for holding an international conference of all the Boards of Trade in the chief cities of the United States and Canada to discuss the question with a view to an amicable understanding. The call for the conference, which is set down for June next, has already received a very general response, and an influential attendance is looked for. The subject matter of the discussion is put in form of a short platform, which declares that every obstacle to a friendly understanding and to the most extensive commercial relations should disappear. The whole tenor of the invitation, together with the platform to be considered by the conference, shows an evident anxiety on the part of the Canadian Boards of Trade to effect a settlement that will facilitate trade and commerce; and if the same friendly spirit is shown in the discussion of the question in the conference, it is quite possible that something practical may come of it.

THE extradition treaty with Russia recently agreed upon by Secretary Bayard and the Russian Minister mentions, with the addition of rape and abortion, the same crimes which are included in the new extradition treaty with England. In the Russian as well as in the English treaty it has been provided that political offenders shall be expressly saved from extradition, but especial provision has been made to prevent "dynamiters" from claiming the privileges of political fugitives. Just what the provision is has not been clearly explained, but it is just here that trouble may readily arise in the interpretation of the treaty. It is not likely that many American criminals will take refuge in Russia. It is well known that many refugees from Russia have sought shelter in this country. The treaty, therefore, will profit Russia chiefly, and she will make many demands upon us for extraditions. But in Russia political offenses are usually accompanied with dynamite. Suppose that another Czar is assassinated, should we or should we not give up his murderers, according to the treaty? It is easy to see the bitter discussion that would be caused here, for similar cases have happened before, for example, with Hartman, the Nihilist. Before this treaty is finally adopted the distinction between bomb-throwers, etc., and "political revolutionists," if there is any, should be made so clear that there can be no future misunderstandings nor political complications.

ONE thing may be set down as having been settled by the progress that has been made in the art of modern bridge-building, and that is, that there is no difficulty whatever in constructing a bridge that will sustain any load that may be put upon it and any shock to which it may be subjected, and, that by proper inspection defects due to age or wear may be discovered long before they render the structure insecure. Starting from this proposition as a premise, it necessarily follows that no such disaster as that at Forest Hills, Mass., or the more recent one at Big Otter River, on the Norfolk and Western Road, in Virginia, where a new structure went down, carrying nine cars and killing four men, can occur except through criminal neglect or precautions the necessity of which has been well established, or equally criminal stupidity and incompetence on the part of railway officers. When a railroad bridge falls, therefore, it is a subject for investigation by a grand jury as well as for a coroner. Several methods of securing frequent and thorough inspection of railroad bridges have been suggested, one giving the State the power to examine them, condemn or approve and enforce the decisions of its agents, and another, the establishment and maintenance of a general system of building and inspection by the railroad companies themselves. Perhaps a combination of the two might be more effective than either. In any event there is likely to be an overhauling of railway bridges this Spring such as there never has been before.

It is satisfactory to know that something is about to be done to enforce in New York the factory law, which forbids the employment of women for more than sixty hours a week. The law has been on the statute-books for some years, but is most flagrantly violated, especially by employers who take contracts for the manufacture of clothing in New York city and Brooklyn. The necessities of the operatives in some cases prevent exposure. In other instances their ignorance is the principal safeguard of the employers against punishment for violating the law. Some recent cases, however, have come to light, the exposure of which may have a very salutary effect on the conduct of the employers of overworked women and children. Last week five such employers were arrested in this city, charged with the violation of the law referred to, and held for further hearing. This is the first aggressive demonstration of State Factory Inspector Connolly, who has been busy since his appointment ascertaining the condition of affairs preparatory to the adoption of a vigorous policy as to the whole subject. There is much to be done in that direction. Women and children of tender years are still employed in many factories and workshops several hours longer every day than the law permits—some of them from 7 A. M. till 10 P. M. The whole system should be broken up. It is especially desirable that the law be strictly enforced in respect to the employment of children who ought to be at school, not only for their own sakes, but for that of society as well.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 119.



GERMANY.—M. HERDETTE, FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT BERLIN.



INDIA.—QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE—READING THE PROCLAMATION AT KOLHAPUR.



PALESTINE.—ENTRY OF THE PRINCE OF NAPLES INTO JERUSALEM.



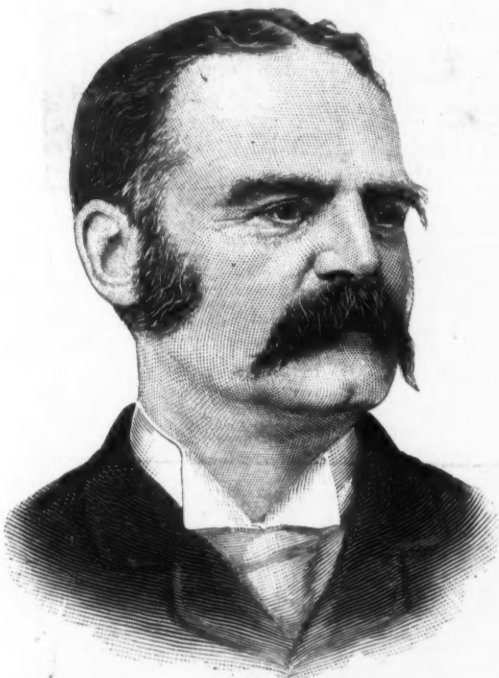
FRANCE.—EXERCISE OF TROOPS—DEFENDING A ROAD.



INDIA.—THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE—GENERAL VIEW OF THE NATIVE FAIR, BOMBAY.

JAMES R. HOSMER,
UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL TO GUATEMALA.

MR. JAMES R. HOSMER, who has just been appointed Secretary of Legation and Consul-general to the several Central American States or Republics, with headquarters at Guatemala, was born in the City of New York, December 4th, 1834. He graduated from Columbia College, in the Class of 1855. He studied law with the late Hon. Charles O'Connor, and practiced his profession in the cities of New York, Chicago and Baltimore. In 1862 he entered the Union Army, and resigned in December, 1864, having served the last six months of that time on the staff of General Sheridan in the Army of the Potomac and Shanandoah Valley. After the war he entered the editorial profession, and wrote for the Press until he was elected Secretary of a financial institution, and subsequently its President, covering a period of ten years. During the past six years he has transacted business in Europe and the United States. For the past six months or more he has been attached to the United States Legation at London. Mr. Hosmer is



NEW YORK.—JAMES R. HOSMER, CONSUL-GENERAL TO GUATEMALA.
PHOTO. BY MARSHALL & GILLING.



GEORGIA.—COLONEL CHARLTON H. WAY, CONSUL-GENERAL TO RUSSIA.
PHOTO. BY WALLINS.

a fine specimen of the New York business man, and in his new position will no doubt maintain the reputation he already enjoys.

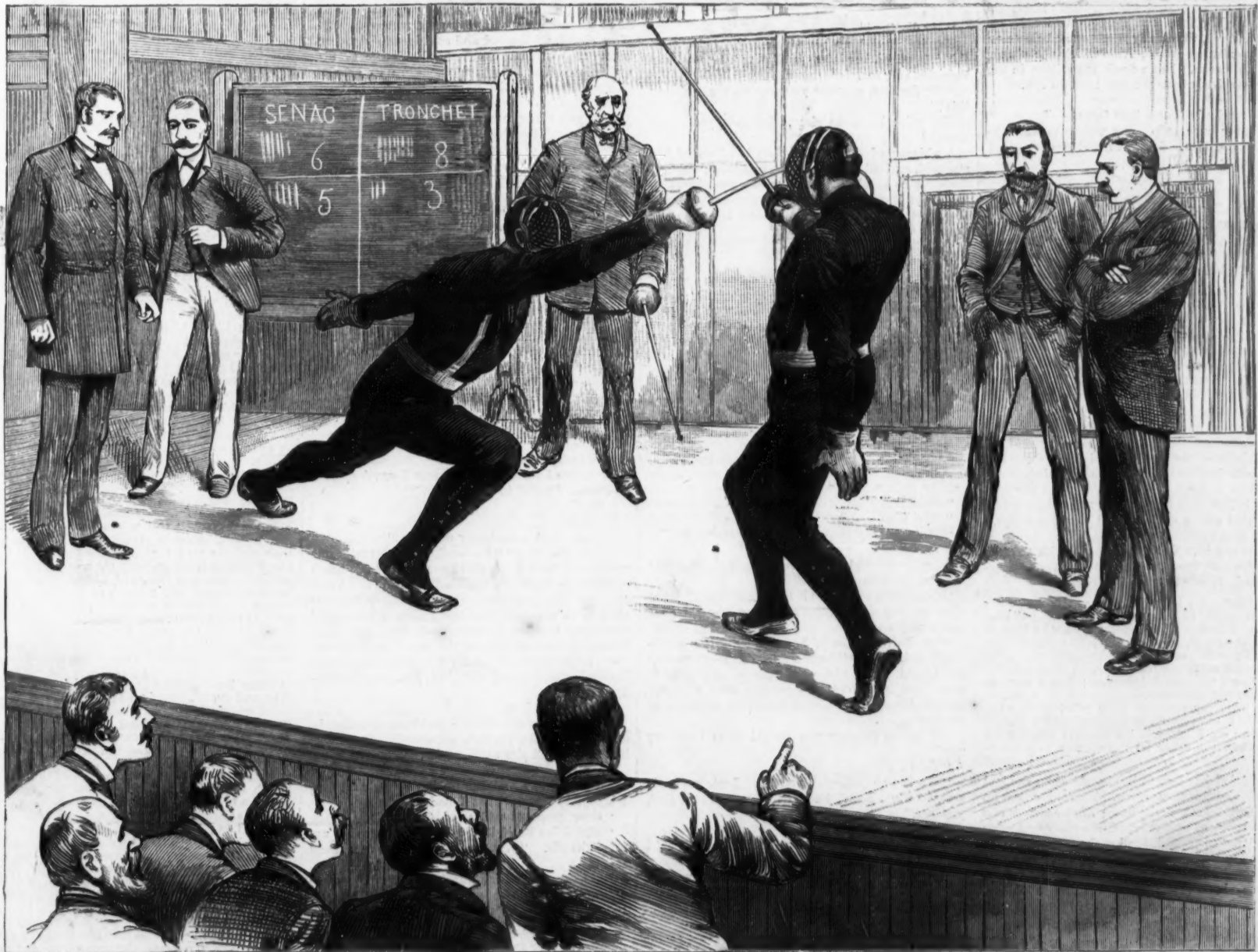
COLONEL CHARLTON H. WAY,
UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL TO RUSSIA.

COLONEL CHARLTON H. WAY, who succeeds the genial General P. M. B. Young as United States Consul-general to St. Petersburg, was born at Fairborn, Liberty County, Ga., October 5th, 1834. In 1841 his parents removed to Savannah. He entered the Georgia Military College, and graduated therefrom in 1855, bearing off the first honor. He read law and was a student in the office of Hon. John E. Ward, formerly Minister to China. In 1857 Hon. John Y. Mason, of Virginia, having tendered his resignation as Minister to France, President Buchanan offered the position to Hon. John E. Ward, and that of Secretary of Legation to Mr. Way; but Mr. Mason withdrawing his resignation, the tender, of course, was not accepted.

Colonel Way entered the Confederate Army at the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and fought through the war to the surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston in North Carolina. At the close of the war, having lost his fortune, Colonel Way abandoned his profession and entered into business as an exporter to Europe, in which he has proved eminently successful. Under a joint resolution of the Georgia Legislature, he was sent as Commissioner to the International Exhibitions at Paris in 1867 and 1878. His business interests have made it necessary for him to spend the greater part of the past twenty years in Europe, and thus he has formed a large circle of friends in public and private life in England and on the Continent, to whom his appointment will give great satisfaction. He has been conservative in politics, frankly accepting the results of the war and the new conditions in the South. He has always been a warm supporter of Mr. Bayard for the Presidency, but when he saw that it was impossible to secure the nomination of his favorite, he devoted all his energies to securing the election of Mr. Cleveland. Colonel Way is a gentleman of classical



KANSAS.—C. H. J. TAYLOR, U. S. MINISTER TO LIBERIA.
PHOTO. BY HANDY.—SEE PAGE 119.



NEW YORK CITY.—FENCING TOURNAMENT AT COSMOPOLITAN HALL, MARCH 28TH.—LOUIS TRONCHET, OF THE PARIS FENCING ACADEMY, WINS THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 119.

education, brilliant and witty, and the possessor of rare conversational powers. In 1859 he married Miss Williams, then the reigning belle of Georgia, who is still handsome, graceful, with great charm of manner, and who will do credit to the position in which the appointment of her husband will place her. Colonel Way has a fine mansion on the Vernon River, just below Savannah, where he and his charming wife entertain their friends with true Southern hospitality.

WHY?

YOU ask me sadly why I cannot love you;
But if I try
To find the answer, then I, too, need sadly
Re-echo, "Why?"

For brave you are, and strong, and wise, and tender,
And true to me;
And good to look upon as man or lover
Might wish to be.

If I could picture out my soul's ideal,
Such grace 'twould show.
What fate, then, writes this hard, strange word
between us,
This hopeless No?

Ah, tell me, if you can, the sorry reason
Why fresh young shoots
Are slain by frost; and slow decay may canker
The year's best fruits?

Why flowers are left athirst, in scorching Summer,
For drink of rain?
Why reckless winds Spring's promise-buds down
scatter
On field and plain?

But these, you see, are Nature's royal secrets;
We cannot guess
Why want and waste go hand in hand together;
And ah, much less

Can we this riddle read—that heart's dear pleading
Heart must deny!
You ask me sadly why I cannot love you—
I answer, "Why?"

THE MYSTERY OF ELSIE.

"HAZEL!" "Well, aunt?" "John Baird wants to marry Elsie." It was a dull, dreary day without and in; the girl at the window had simply yawned her words, but at the answer her lazy eyes suddenly widened to a stare.

"But that cannot be, you see."

"Cannot be? What is the matter with you, Hazel? I tell you John Baird wants to marry Elsie. He has written and told me so, and I expect him here this evening to settle up affairs."

"Indeed?"

It was a word to empty air; the excited little woman had bustled out as she bustled in, leaving the girl in the window to fancy the rest as best she could. It was certainly an easy imagination; a man of wealth, a fair maid, all a sequence *à la mode*—but it seemed quite beyond her; she could only mutter her word and stare, bewilderedly essaying thought, till finally it all settled down on her as an absurd dream, from which she simply wanted to awake. But a fresh apparition in the doorway suddenly brought her back to life.

"Elsie!"

"My dear Lady Hazel, how fares—"

"Elsie, for once stop your nonsense and answer me a question. Is it true that you are going to—"

"I?"

"You."

"Not at all, my—"

"But Aunt Cray says you are."

"Indeed! Well, then, that settles it, of course; for who in all the glory of her matrimonial ventures would once think of withstanding Matilda Cray?"

"But she says affairs have gone so far that he is coming to settle them to-night."

"So? Well, then, in the name of common sense, Hazel, dear, why do you sit plying me with questions? Do you not know it is most indelicate thus to pry into the affairs of a girl so near a bride as I? Though, of course, I do not object to telling you that I like this Baird very much."

It was useless to stare into the laughing, wicked face, as she had stared throughout; it told no tale. Calmly as she spoke, Maid Elsie drew her wrap about her, and went out, she added, for a little jaunt to town. Bewilderedly still the girl in the window stared after her, till suddenly her face lighted and a smile played round her lips.

"But that cannot be, you see."

It could not be. The letter which, with an open laugh, she now drew forth from her pocket, certainly made it seem so.

"MY DARLING: I am forced to write you, for I dare not speak to you the usual way. I so fear that what I feel you have not suspected; that it will all be so new, so unexpected, so repugnant to you, that you will crush all my hopes at once. But I can stand suspense no longer. I must tell you that with all my soul I love you; that I want to make you my little wife."

"My love, my precious little witch-girl, what answer? I have made it all so short for fear to bore you; oh, I beseech, let the one word a bit longer than the other be the answer to your—"

"JOHN BAIRD."

She buried her face in her hands when she had read it, and blushed anew. There loomed no Aunt Matilda, no Elsie, now; life was that one ecstatic moment she received it—the sweet news she had not suspected, the joy she never dreamed could come to the girl that loved John Baird. That moment she had thrown her soul unbound into three little lines:

"Yes—a thousand times, yes, dear John; for with all my soul I love you, and want to be your wife."

That was only in the morning gone; she was too near the pleasant dream she had been in all the day not to fall easily back to it, how long she knew

not, till suddenly Aunt Cray's voice broke in again:

"Hazel!"

"Yes, aunt."

"You seemed to doubt what I told you. Will you be so kind as to read this letter?" She took it; she began reading it in the old, lazy way.

"MY DEAR MISS CRAY: I love your niece, Elsie, very much, and wish to marry her. Pray pardon my abruptness; I will call on you this evening to explain and settle all. There are some things—"

That was all she read; her eyes dropped as if mechanically to the bold signature below, and then—she folded the letter quietly, and handed it back to Miss Matilda.

"You are satisfied?"

"Oh, yes, I am satisfied."

Hazel Lee looks back to that day to think there was some greatness in her, still so quietly, so calmly she sat and listened to Aunt Cray's lively discussion of the coming match, interspersing her own remarks as in duty bound, though the truth was plain to her. Not the mystery yet; but that mattered naught in face of that one truth; she could not think beyond it, mercifully she could not think at all beyond it, till Aunt Cray's voice and steps had died away again. Then suddenly all else was swallowed up in shame.

"Yes—a thousand times, yes, dear, John; for with all my soul I love you, and want to be your wife."

What had she done? The glory, the shame of it, how high they were! She sat with clinched hands and pallid face, and in her mood the rest was easy; the simple fact of the mystery was that the letter was for Elsie; she had simply misread the address on the wrapper, and took it for her own. She believed it firmly, and in the mood a sudden terror moved her; she ran up to her room, and seizing an envelope, under the moment's inspiration, traced a fair *fac-simile* of the one she had destroyed. The next, the letter lay on the cushion in Elsie's room, and then—

What then? She did not know, she did not care, only to get away from John Baird and them all. It was a dreary day without, but worse within, she thought, as she hurried out and down the wet road leading to the village, making a visit here, a pretense there, till finally the night came on and left her no resource. She would have gladly run away; she would have given the world for the nerve to do it; but for all she dared not—she was only a timid, shrinking girl, and like more unfortunates, she had no place at all to go.

It was with a little cry of despair that she at last turned homeward, realizing that there was naught else to do. The rain had begun again, but she did not hasten her steps, though the road grew darker each moment, and she had almost to grope her way to Aunt Cray's gate. It was a black bit yet up to the house, but the lights were worse; at the first glimpse of them she stopped and shivered. She could never go back there; it was enough, she would never.

"My darling!"

She had heard no sound, no step; only something brushed her arm—a shower of leaves, she thought, and cared no more.

"My darling, why are you out such a night as this?"

The voice broke in clear, distinctly, yet—what was it?

A whisper of the wind, a delusion born of her strained, excited soul? That—just that; she had time but to think it, to turn with a wild laugh to flee from it, when a pair of strong arms closed about her, and a rain of mad kisses fell upon her lips.

"My little witch-girl!"

"John!"

"Do you really love me, sweetness?"

"Oh, yes, John, dear!"

It was not strange, in her mood, that she did not realize, that she forgot all, all save the sweet rest of his arms—that so she walked with him, so she talked with him, up to the very porch of Aunt Cray's home. Till—

"Don't let the roses listen."

"Don't let the night-stars blink."

"Don't let the dewdrops glisten."

"While I tell of whom I think."

A girl's voice suddenly floated out from within. That moment John Baird stood alone upon Mrs. Cray's porch.

"Mr. Baird!"

"Miss Elsie—"

"They tell me that you want to marry me."

"Ye—yes!"

John Baird had stood and laughed a bit that moment he found himself alone.

"Dear little witch-girl!" he murmured. "What a shy darling she is, after all! But she will come again very soon."

John Baird, though, had been a little bewildered, and his bewilderment grew as he turned to the bright, saucy girl who came so promptly to greet him in Aunt Cray's parlor; who, with the utmost sang-froid, motioned him to sit down as she spoke.

"It seems strange you should want to marry me."

"Ye—es?"

"We are so different, you see. I was perfectly amazed when Hazel told me. Hazel told me first, you see."

"Ah!"

"I thought she must be dreaming, but next I heard it from Aunt Cray's lips; I read the astonishing words over your own signature, 'I want to marry Elsie'; next I found your beautifully romantic note awaiting me in my room. It is a great day in my life, Mr. Baird."

There was no sarcasm in look or tone, as she had sparred with Hazel. She sat quietly stroking down the folds of her pretty gown as she spoke, stealing odd glances at the stupid man before her,

apparently only surprised at her latest lover, yet enjoying him very much. But suddenly her eyes flashed up a quick anger into his.

"Mr. Baird."

"Ye—es."

"Would you care if I did not marry you?"

"Eh?"

"Because I do not propose to do so."

"No?"

"No; I do not like your style of courtship. I would advise you, next time you propose to a young woman, just to await her answer before you go to settle up. I do not like your style of courtship any better now; you appear to me very like a fool. At all events, I settle my own affairs. And so I do not see any necessity for you to wait to see Aunt Cray."

She arose as she spoke; before he could collect his poor wits to answer, she had vanished through the door. He was only too glad to follow; he seized his hat and was far down the roadway that next moment Aunt Cray, in all her glory, sailed down the stairs to greet him.

And one girl laughed the night away, and one girl wept, and John Baird could have thrown himself into the lake near by, though for reasons that the others did not dream of.

"From the depths of my soul I thank you."

"JOHN BAIRD."

John Baird was a queer man, surely; a huge bouquet and the lines, were the morrow, even at Elsie's breakfast-table.

"Sour grapes!" laughed Elsie, over where Aunt Cray sat reading her little note, John Baird's apology and explanation of what had occurred the night before. There was quite too much bursting wrath in that direction, and with a funny wee shudder, she turned to me.

"Well, Lady Hazel, how does the world treat you this morning?"

It was a generous mail the post had brought; I, Hazel of the window, had, too, a note, which I sat pondering wearily, yet for all a bit wonderingly, as she spoke.

"Will Miss Lee please call at Grow & Co.'s by twelve o'clock to-day. The matter is important, and will admit of no delay."

What did it mean? The business of my father's estate was all settled, I thought, long ago, and—what could they want of me? It was quite too deep a question for my poor wits, this present, but there was a grain of comfort in the thought that I had an excuse to go away. I made the most of it; an hour, and I was speeding to the city with the mad determination never to go back. True, it was all over; Elsie had refused her lover, she would never be John Baird's wife, but it was now all one to me in my fresh humiliation; I had cried, feeling dead, I thought, save only to hate the old scenes, almost the old, familiar faces—to dread nothing more than a return to them.

I knew Grow & Co.'s well; a little minute after I left the train I was sitting in its private parlor. What had brought me there, I thought little of, and I cared less; I waited wearily, yet with mantling cheek, with mind and soul lost in that last, bitter night, in that new, hard mistake of his, which had raised me a moment up to heaven, only to lower me the next to depths I had not dreamed of.

"Do you really love me, sweetness?"

"Oh, yes, John, dear."

In the midst of all, all things were real; I heard the door of the office open, I turned as best I could to meet—not Grow & Co.'s representative, but—a gentleman that I knew.

"Good-morning, Miss Lee." He drew near as he spoke, and took a seat beside me.

"And what are you doing here?" I was so surprised I was at ease.

"I had an appointment with a lady. As for various reasons I could not keep it in my own office, and as the matter is important and will admit of no delay, I made it Grow & Co.'s. You need not be alarmed, Miss Lee; people are in the habit of meeting here; indeed, Judge Grow marries a good many in this parlor."

I had started to my feet as he began to speak; some of the truth was flashing on me ere he quoted the words of my little note.

"Did you send for me?" I gasped.

"I did."

"And why?"

"Because I am a fool—because I am desperate—because I want to marry you."

"Me?"

"You."

"Then what a fool you must be!"

"Yes; and if you knew all, what a greater one you would think me! But listen. I did not bring you here to make any explanation; I do not know as I shall ever make any—it is too humiliating, too absurd. I planned this thing simply because I love you, because I know that you love me; because I believed you in the mood to do to-day what pride would never let you do another time. Listen—what will you do? Will you marry me?—Yes or No?"

"Yes, John, dear."

He was not at all a lover; he began moodily, he ended desperate, excited, even cold. But somehow it was all the same to me.

An hour later, walking up Aunt Cray's terrace, I began to realize what I had done.

"Sour grapes!" said astonished Elsie.

"Mrs. John Baird!" cried Aunt Cray, with upraised hands. "What a simpleton you are, Hazel Lee!"

But—it was still a mystery through weeks; John did not tell me, and I for ever put off asking, till one day he thrust a note into my hand:

"That absent-mindedness of yours will some day prove your ruin. You have so confused us in this latest case with your mixture of names and persons, writing the very one you did not mean every time, that—"

I did not finish; I threw it down with a gasp, for the truth had flashed upon me.

"Was that the mystery of Elsie, John?"

"Exactly. I wanted you, and made it Elsie. Why, I do not know; I have always done things that way."

So that was all. Nothing to wonder at, no mystery; just the rank stupidity of an absent-minded man.

It was a nice tale to take to Elsie.

"Sour grapes!" she laughed.

COWBOYS' WORK AND WAYS.

SPRING on the plains is later than along the seaboard; but is pretty well established everywhere by the 1st of May, and then the valiant army of cowboys, from Montana to Texas, prepare for the great annual round-up. This consists of herding together and bringing into the ranches the cattle which have been turned loose on the ranges to forage for themselves during the Winter. The animals do well enough, until the snow buries the bunch-grass, and takes the nutriment out of the tall herbage of the prairie. Then they freeze and starve by hundreds, while those which survive to be "rounded-up" in the Spring, and distributed to their proprietors, according to their respective brands, are "slab-sided," hungry-eyed, and wild. Formerly, all unbranded cattle found wandering on the ranges became the property of the cowboy who brought them in. Now they are sold, and the money goes into the Ranchers' Society. There are thousands of head of unbranded cattle wandering on the range. If there was any way to trace the ownership of these strays it would be found that nearly all of them belonged to poor people. Nearly every settler coming in a wagon from the East brings with him from five to ten cows. The emigrant finds a locality that suits him, and stakes out his homestead. He doesn't brand his cattle, for the reason that unbranded they are worth \$2 more per head on account of the hide. They increase, and in a year or so the settler has quite a herd of unbranded cattle. They wander off, or get stampeded, and he cannot trace them. He couldn't claim them if he found them in any one's possession, because they bear no brand, consequently his little herd become wanderers, and are finally taken up by the cowboys. Every large cattle-owner has his own registered brand, with which the calves are stamped each season.

A Western correspondent, describing the preliminaries to a round-up, gives the following spirited picture: "The ponies that have been running on the range through the Winter are thrown in with whatever fresh colts the outfit has purchased, and the men all proceed to the corral. The boss first attends to the riders who were with him the year before. 'Tex, what did you ride?' Suppose you throw your tug on that glass-eyed pinto next to the bars there, and I'll give you an old un, too.' While the boss goes on assigning the horses, Tex coils up his riata, a rope of plaited rawhide as large as your finger, and from fifty to eighty feet long. On the end of this is worked a 'hoodoo,' or small ring of rawhide, through which the rope is doubled, and he pulls enough slack through it to make a loop fifteen or twenty feet in circumference. Holding the coil in his left hand, he crasps the rope just outside the loop and holds it in his right hand, doubled back on the loop. Then he throws the loop out behind him and shouts to the colt, who makes a dash along the side of the corral. As he passes, Tex throws the loop overhand, then jerks it taut over the pony's head. The frightened colt runs to the end of the rope at full speed, and meanwhile Tex crouches on the ground, with his weight thrown back on the rope. The pony 'changes ends' with a jerk that almost dislocates his neck, and then Tex runs up to him. This gives him slack and starts him again, and after the performance has been gone through a dozen times the pony has learned not to 'run on a rope,' and the first step towards his education is accomplished. He is then named. This is a subject for debate, and Tex finally decides on 'Streaks' as appropriate to a 'paint' or piebald horse. Streaks is led out of the corral, and while one of the other boys holds the rope, Tex takes another rope, and as the pony runs past him, snarls his fore feet and throws him on the ground. This second rope is passed to another man, who holds it so that the pony is powerless. Blanket and saddle are cinched on, and the 'hackamore,' a sort of halter with a nose-piece that will draw tightly when pulled, is put on. To this is added a horsehair rope, called a macarte, and after a handkerchief has been put over the pony's eyes, the other ropes are loosed. Streaks plunges to his feet and runs on the macarte. This he finds even more unprofitable than running on the riata, for the nose-piece brings him up all standing. When he is quiet enough to approach, Tex ties the macarte so as to make reins, and throws himself into the saddle. Streaks looks as if he meant mischief, and the bystanders climb up on the corral to be out of harm's way. Sometimes a mounted man is at hand to 'haze' the bronco, and keep him from running through a wire fence or smashing into a wagon. Tex reaches over and raises the blind, and the fun begins. Streaks stands still for a moment, then makes a mad plunge in the air, and lands on his stiffened forelegs, with his nose almost on the ground. Tex has balanced himself, and returns the compliment with a touch of the spur. Streaks makes a succession of swift plunges, changing ends at every jump, and striking the ground like a street-paver's rammer. He is evidently a 'plum son of a gun,' for he pitches in a circle, which is far harder for the rider than if he pitched straight ahead.

"The boys shout encouragingly, and Tex plies spur and *cuerto*, shouting 'L-i-o-a-a!' a talismanic word of much repute among 'bronco-busters.' Streaks finds that bucking is no use, and he suddenly rears and falls backwards, driving the horn of the saddle into the ground. He looks around to enjoy the sight of Tex's lifeless body; but Tex is standing by his head with the coil of the macarte, which had been caught under his belt, fast in his left hand. When Streaks finds his feet again, Tex is on his back, and the pony makes a bolt of it. A mile or two tells on him, and Tex manages to jerk his head around so that he makes for home again. When the pony is so exhausted that he is comparatively submissive, he is a 'broke horse.' He will be harder to ride the second time when he is bitted than the first, but by the time he has been mounted half a dozen times he will be quite tractable. Then he has to be taught to 'savvy cows,' and must learn to dodge, stop and whirl around like a cat."

The round-up keeps the men on the prairie for days and weeks together. They camp, eat and sleep under the open sky, watching their herds night and day, chasing stragglers, heading off

stampedes, and experiencing all those hardships and adventures which develop some of the finest types of physical manhood in the world.

The cowboy is necessarily a hard worker, and his earnings do not average over thirty or forty dollars a month, with his "finding," during the five or six months of the year which give him employment at his regular occupation. His outfit is his pride, and makes a large gap in his season's earnings. As a general rule, the stock saddle, modified from the old style Texas tree, is used by the common riders, fancy men and "broncobusters" preferring the California saddle, with only one cinch—a "centre-fire," as it is called. For heavy work the back cinch of the common saddle is useful, keeping the tree from working up on the horse's withers and giving the horse a better grip when he throws himself back on his hanches to stop a cow; but for riding, the single cinch is more springy, and is for this reason infinitely preferable for riding pitching horses. It must not be supposed that because the cowboy is a rough-looking customer he has not his own ideas about elegance. He will spend a month's wages on a pair of silver-mounted spurs, give seventy dollars for a stamped leather saddle, any sum he pleases for a horsehair bridle, if he is not an expert at working hair himself, and his *chapparajos*, or leather overalls, are often covered down the front with seal or some other costly skin. Bits, too, and silver *conchos*, or medallions, on the check-piece of his bridle and his spur leathers, absorb a "swell buckero's" wages.

There are both good and bad cowboys, and those of Montana differ in many respects from those of Texas; but the class as a whole has been grossly maligned. One reason for this is that the cowboy is a favorite dime-novel hero; another is that he is not himself averse to humoring the exaggerated notions of "tenderfoot" visitors from the East, and passing himself off as a desperado—what is called in the frontier vernacular "a cutter and a shooter from away back." In reality, as we have said, he is an honest, industrious, brave, whole-souled fellow, and probably has a little claim or farm of his own. Many of the cowboys are from Eastern cities. There are rich men's sons and college graduates among them. A surprisingly large number of them are well-read and intelligent, while not a few can solve a mathematical problem or parse a Latin sentence with as much ease as they can throw a steer or punch a brand.

THE FENCING CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE novelty of a genuine *assaut d'armes*, or professional fencing match, attracted a large and fashionable crowd to the Cosmopolitan Hall, on Monday evening of last week. The contestants were M. Régis Senac, the well-known fencing-master of New York, and M. Louis Tronchet, of Paris. M. Tronchet, who at home enjoys a high reputation as a swordsman, had come to New York to challenge M. Senac for the championship of America and a stake of \$1,000. The young Parisian won both, but the struggle was close and severe, calling forth one of the finest displays of combined agility and art ever witnessed in this city.

The conditions of the match were two assaults of fifteen minutes each with foils, with an intermission of five minutes; after the second assault an intermission of ten minutes, followed by one assault of fifteen minutes with French triangular dueling-swords. The foils and swords had chalked buttons on their points, which left a white mark wherever they touched. All touches upon the belt, from the base of the neck to the red belt which each man wore, and within the limits of the seam of the shoulder and of those under the arm, were to count. The rivals wore black velvet suits, white gambiols, broad red belts and iron masks. Senac had for seconds two of his pupils, William Lawson and Ronald Thomas, both Athletic Club men. Tronchet's seconds were Eugene Van Shaick, President of the Knickerbocker Fencing Club, and Maurice Bernhardt. The referee was Professor Corbier, Fencing Master at the Annapolis Naval Academy.

The fencers presented a fine appearance. Senac was taller and somewhat heavier than his antagonist, but less agile upon his feet. Both men were in dead earnest, and became fiercely excited at times. In the first bout, Tronchet scored 8 points, and Senac 6; in the second, Senac, 5; Tronchet, 3; in the third (with swords), Senac, 3; Tronchet, 6. Totals—Senac, 14; Tronchet, 17. In the first bout Tronchet was disarmed once, and in the second twice. Senac was disarmed once in the last bout, and the referee in watching the play too closely received a wound across the back of the hand.

The victor was uproariously applauded, and the result of this exciting match will undoubtedly be to bring fencing more than ever into vogue in New York.

CHARLES H. J. TAYLOR,

UNITED STATES MINISTER TO LIBERIA.

MR. CHARLES H. J. TAYLOR, the new United States Minister to Liberia, illustrates in his career the remarkable progress which has been made by the colored race, under many and great disadvantages, since the abolition of slavery. Born a slave, Mr. Taylor has by his own exertions amassed a fortune of \$40,000, advanced himself to a position of influence in public affairs, and now goes as the representative of his country to the republic founded and maintained by people of his own color on the coast of Africa.

The new Minister was born in the town of Marion, Ala., in 1856, and received his education in Indiana and Ohio, and at Ann Arbor (Mich.) University. He afterwards read law and entered upon the practice of his profession, being subsequently admitted to the Bar of the United States Supreme Court. While in Indiana, at intervals, he supplemented his professional practice by teaching school, thus employing every moment in remunerative labor. Removing to Kansas, he was in 1885 a candidate in the Eleventh Judicial District for District Judge, but failed of election. Immediately afterwards he was appointed Assistant City Attorney of Kansas City, which office he held at the time of his appointment to the more honorable one of Minister Resident and Consul-general of the United States to Liberia. In 1876 he stumped the State of South Carolina for General Wade Hampton for Governor, and carried over to him considerable numbers of the colored vote. In 1885 he was an Independent in politics, and voted for Cleveland and Hendricks. He is now a straight Democrat. He is intelligent, a ready speaker, with a good flow of language, and in every way is a credit to his race. He had no opponents for the mission to Liberia from all sections of the Union. He will leave for his post of duty during the present month.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

M. HERBETTE.

M. JULES-GABRIEL HERBETTE, Ambassador of France at Berlin, and whose name constantly appears in discussions of the Franco-German relations, is a diplomat of long standing, having begun his career in 1860 as an *attaché* of the Direction of Consulates. He has since represented France at Naples, Stettin, and Assumption. He was delegated secretary of the first class at the European Commission of the Danube in 1876, and took part in the mission of France at the Berlin Congress in 1878. The latter service won him the title of Officer of the Legion of Honor. M. Herbette has been in M. de Freycinet's Cabinet during each of the latter's three ministries, and in 1886 he replaced M. de Conreay as Ambassador at Berlin.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE IN INDIA.

Bombay has just celebrated the Queen's Jubilee in a highly festive spirit. The day (February 16th) was ushered in by the firing of a royal salute on the hoisting of the royal standard over the public buildings, and by the joyful pealing of bells from the University and the Clock Tower. A parade of the troops in garrison and of the volunteers was early held on the Oval, which was terminated by a *feu de joie* and the playing of the National Anthem by the massed bands. The chief state event of the day was the Governor's procession from Malabar Point to the Town Hall. Lord Reay, the Governor of Bombay, then went in procession to the Cathedral, where a thanksgiving service was held. The Roman Catholics also held a service, while the Parsees, Hindoos, the Cutchee Memons, the Jains, the Jews, and dozens of other sects, held solemn services in their respective places of worship. After the official ceremonial and religious services, Bombay devoted itself to enjoyment. The People's Fair on the Esplanade was the most popular resort. "Seen from a distance," remarks the Bombay Gazette, "it seemed as though some fairy city had suddenly sprung up, the pretty stalls, the multitude of flags waving in the breeze, and above all the myriads of tiny multi-colored lanterns throwing a soft, mellow light upon the grounds, gave a charming air of unreality to the scene. Nor did the proverbial enchantment lent by distance to the view vanish on closer acquaintance. Once within the charmed circle, amidst the fountains, and the walks, and the merry alleys created by a cunning arrangement of the stalls, one liked to lose oneself, and wander about at one's own sweet will." There were merry-go-rounds, peep-shows, and wheels of fortune without number: stalls filled with luscious sweetmeats for the Hindoos, and unlimited sherbet and coffee for the Mohammedans, and the fun of the fair for all. Close by, over the Queen's statue, two immense pyramids of light (20,000 lamps being employed) had been raised, joined by an archway, which was inscribed, "Victoria, Kaiser-i-Hind"; while the main streets were admirably decorated throughout. The Government cities, however, were not the only towns in which the Jubilee was worthily celebrated, great rejoicings being held in every State throughout the Empire. One of our sketches represents the Durbar at Kolhapur, where the Maharajah—who is the last ruling scion of the race of the great Marhatta chief Sivajee—celebrated the occasion with all due honor. There was the usual military parade, prisoners were released, the European residents held a Thanksgiving service, and at noon Colonel Reeves, the Political Agent, held a Durbar, at which the Maharajah and all the chiefs of the Southern Marhatta country and other Sardars of rank belonging to Kolhapur and the Southern Marhatta country were present.

THE PRINCE OF NAPLES IN THE HOLY LAND.

The young Prince of Naples, son and heir-apparent of King Humbert of Italy, and whose Oriental tour has already been referred to in our columns, arrived at Jerusalem on the 14th of February. He was received there with great effusion, passing underneath a magnificent triumphal arch erected at the principal entrance to the city. The arch was surmounted by a colossal statue of Italy, and bore the inscription: "A. S. A. R. Vittorio Emanuele principe di Napoli, gli Italiani di Gerusalemme, 14 Febbraio, 1887." The Ottoman troops were drawn up on either side of the way. The Latin Patriarch received the young Prince, and conducted him on his visit to the Holy Sepulchre.

THE FRENCH ARMY.

A phase of the present military activity in France is seen in our illustration, representing a squad of soldiers defending a country road against an imaginary foe, to the consternation of a passing peasant. Not long ago, the French Government Commission reported that within ten hours of the declaration of hostilities it would be possible to concentrate 40,000 men on any given point, and that administrative and railway arrangements would permit of further troops reaching the same spot at the rate 18,000 an hour for the next twenty-four hours; at the expiration of which time 472,000 men could be placed in line. In France there are eighteen army corps, their headquarters being in the following cities: 1, Lille; 2, Amiens; 3, Rouen; 4, Le Mans; 5, Orleans; 6, Châlons-sur-Marne; 7, Besançon; 8, Bourges; 9, Tours; 10, Rennes; 11, Nantes; 12, Limoges; 13, Clermont-Ferrand; 14, Lyons; 15, Marseilles; 16, Montpellier; 17, Toulouse; 18, Bordeaux. Each army corps consists of two divisions; and the headquarters of three divisions of separate corps are at Paris. One army corps is in Algeria. These, with the fortress garrisons, form the standing army. Provision exists for the formation of eight more army corps—numbered 25 to 32—mainly created out of the territorial army. The peace effective of the French Army was put in the Budget of 1886 at 523,283 men, with 129,339 horses; but these figures include the *gendarmes* and non-combatants. The infantry would consist of 468 active battalions, 156 fortress battalions, 156 depot battalions, and 30 rifle battalions, each battalion, 1,000 men. The total is 810,000 men. The cavalry would consist of 392 squadrons, or 58,800 men. The artillery would consist of 330 field batteries, 57 horse batteries, 12 marine batteries, and 96 fortress batteries; in all, 150,000 men and 2,725 guns. The scientific corps would consist of 31,000 men. The total force with which France would begin operations is, therefore, 1,049,800 men, with 2,725 guns.

A LOVE LETTER FROM GERONIMO.

THE Apache Indian chief Geronimo, who is confined at Fort Pickens, Florida, is a much married man, having gone through the nuptial ceremony no less than five times. Two of his wives are now prisoners at St. Augustine. The hope of

seeing them again is a powerful incentive to subordination and prompt obedience. He and his companions ought to be devoted husbands and parents if conduct be in accord with the tender compositions so regularly transmitted from Fort Pickens to Fort Marion. The following is a copy of one of Geronimo's letters to his two wives and son and daughter, dictated of course:

"MY DEAR WIVES, AND MY SON AND DAUGHTER: Are you at Fort Marion? If so, how do you like it there? Have you plenty to eat, and do you sleep and drink well? Send me a letter and tell me all the news. I am very well satisfied here, but if I only had you with me again would be more so. I work every day, except Sundays. It is very healthy to work. My work is not hard. It consists of hoeing and raking in and around the fort. It seems to me the Great Father and God are very closely united. I do hope he will let us see one another soon. As sure as the trees bud and bloom in the Spring, so sure is my hope of seeing you again. Talking by paper is very good, but when you see one's lips move, and hear their voice, it is much better. I saw General Miles, heard him speak, and looked into his eyes, and believed what he told me, and I still think he will keep his word. He told me that I would see you soon, also see a fine country and lots of people. The people and the country I have seen, but not you. The sun rises and sets here just the same as in our country, but the water here is salt. The Government is good, and does not like to see the Indian imposed on. It has given us pants, coats with pockets on, and shoes, and enough to eat. I think of God, the President and you in the same light. I like you so well. When I get your letter I will think well over it. I hope you think the same of me as I do of you. I think you have influence with the sun, moon and stars. If the Government would only give us a reservation, so we could support ourselves—oh! wouldn't it be fine? We are at peace now, and by God's help will remain so. There are seventeen of us here, and not one thinks or acts bad. Everybody is well and contented. Chatto is a bad man, and has caused us lots of trouble. His tongue is like the rattlesnake's, forked. Do not let him hear a word of this letter. Do what is right, no matter how you may suffer. Write to me soon a long letter. Your husband, "GERONIMO."

THE IRISH LAND BILL.

It is impossible, perhaps, to fairly judge, from the telegraphic summary of it, the Bill providing for the purchase of Irish land-holdings which was last week introduced in the House of Lords. So far as appears, it proposes, in brief, to admit lease-holders to the benefits of the Act of 1881, including those whose leases expired before that year, and numbering 160,000. It provides also for a less peremptory ejectment proceeding than that at present employed; that a tenant receiving a notice of ejectment in the manner prescribed by the court, either by personal service or through the post, shall *ipso facto* become a caretaker from that date for the period of six months, and that the redemption shall run as from that date. Earl Cadogan, in introducing this Bill, explained at some length the Government's proposed land policy, saying that its principle was leniency to the innocent insolvent, of whose good faith and exactitude the court should be assured, but to leave to the operation of the ordinary laws extravagant and idle insolvents. If this Bill had preceded coercion, it might have been considered upon its merits; now it will be looked upon as the sugar coating by which it is hoped to disguise the bitterness of the pill which the Government proposes to force down the throat of Ireland.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SIR WILLIAM TURNER calculates that the force of a full-grown whale's tail is not less than 145-horse power.

A new absorbent preparation is made from the cocoanut fibre. It is called cofferdam, and will hold like a sponge from twelve to fourteen times its own weight of water.

HEAVY machinery is now run by artesian-well power in many parts of France, and the experience of the French shows that the deeper the well the greater the pressure and the higher the temperature. At Grenelle a well sunk to the depth of 1,802 feet, and flowing daily 500,000 gallons, has a pressure of sixty pounds to the square inch, and the water from this well is so hot that it is used for heating the hospitals in the vicinity.

THE water-proofing material recently discovered by M. Janin turns out to be simply dissolved celluloid. The mixture is prepared with pyroxyline, which is obtained by disaggregating some cellulose with paper or with rags in a mixture of sulphuric acid and azotic acid. This pulpy mass is put in camphorated alcohol, to which is afterwards added a mixture of alcohol and ether. The compound is applied on hard objects with a brush, but stuffs are dipped into a bath of the mixture.

A SUBSTITUTE for the hard boxwood heretofore used for loom-shuttles is sought in England by compressing cheaper woods, especially teak, in a powerful hydraulic press. A force of fourteen tons per square inch is applied. The *Hub* predicts that a similar process will be used in toughening cheaper woods for use in carriage-work where strength is required. Ash carriage-poles, steamed and then compressed endwise, are found to be far superior to those made from wood not so treated.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

NEWS was received, early last week, of the death, at Bermuda, March 19th, of William B. Travers, of New York, aged 68 years. *March 27th*—In Springfield, Ill., Judge Samuel H. Treat, aged 75 years; in Princeton, N. J., Paul Tulane, the philanthropist, aged 87 years; in Denmark, Ditlev Gothard Monrad, the well-known Danish ecclesiastic, Cabinet Minister and author, aged 76 years. *March 28th*—In Albany, N. Y., Rev. George W. Dean, Chancellor of the Cathedral of All Saints. *March 29th*—In Newark, N. J., Rev. Dr. Ray Palmer, the well-known Congregational minister and writer, aged 78 years; in New York, General Roswell S. Ripley, aged 63 years; in Aiken, S. C., David Thurston, a well-known New York lawyer, aged 61 years; in Detroit, Mich., C. M. Hubbard, journalist, in Scholastic, N. Y., Judge E. H. Durell, late of New Orleans; in Springfield, Mass., ex-Mayor Edwin W. Ladd, aged 58 years; in New Westminster, Canada, Hon. William Smythe, Premier of British Columbia. *March 30th*—At Hot Springs, Ark., Judge Francis P. Cnapp, of Washington, aged 60 years. *March 31st*—In Albany, N. Y., John G. Saxe, the poet, aged 71 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., Charles R. Cambles, banker, in Princeton, N. J., ex-Mayor William G. Gibby, Superintendent of the Mercer County Public Schools. *April 1st*—In Galveston, Tex., Judge John W. Harris, aged 79 years; at Crab Orchard, Ky., Captain J. G. Moore, the well-known turfman.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

BISHOP LITTLEJOHN's health is greatly improved by his visit to Europe.

SECOND COMPTROLLER ISAAC H. MAYNARD was last week appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, vice Fairchild, promoted.

A NEW town in Texas has been named in honor of Miss Frances E. Willard, greatly to the delight of the white ribboners of the Lone Star State.

UNITED STATES SENATOR JONES, of Florida, who has spent the last year in Detroit, proposes to seek a re-election at the hands of the Legislature which is soon to meet.

THE eldest son of the German Crown Prince patriotically refuses to drink any but German wines. The French believe that they can stand the boycott, if he can.

EX-GOVERNOR THOMAS C. REYNOLDS, one of the most prominent citizens of Missouri, committed suicide last week, at St. Louis, while suffering from mental depression.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, whose recent visit to the Continent is said to have been made on account of some domestic infelicity, has returned to London and the bosom of his family.

EX-SECRETARY MANNING has gone to Bourne-mouth, a quiet watering-place on the Southern English coast, near the Isle of Wight. He expects to derive great benefit from his visit to Europe.

PRINCE ALEXANDER has been sued for 4,900 francs by his Bulgarian kidnappers, who claim to have loaned him that sum for traveling expenses. He might secure the debt by giving them his throne as collateral.

A BERLIN paper says that Emperor William received 1,648 telegrams congratulating him upon his birthday anniversary. Of these, 1,297 came from different parts of Germany, 60 from America and 5 from Canada.

MR. BLAINE went West last week, his destination being Indian Territory, where he will visit a married daughter. His reception along the route was most cordial, although he sought to avoid all public demonstrations.

MR. PARNELL has issued an appeal to the American people for "sympathy and support" in resisting the Coercion Bill. Mr. Fitzgerald, President of the American League, has replied that the League will redouble its efforts in behalf of the Irish cause.

LORD SALISBURY's health excites continued uneasiness among his friends, who say he is rather going down hill than up, and complain that he continues to work twice as much as he should, and insists on dealing personally with all the most difficult and intricate subjects.

It is stated that the widow of General Logan will not permit another Pension Bill to be introduced in Congress in her behalf. The rental from her Chicago house and the interest on the fund recently subscribed for her assure an income sufficiently large for her maintenance.

CAPTAIN SAMUELS, of the yacht *Danvers*, attributes his defeat by the *Coronet* to the interference of Mr. Colt, the owner of the *Danvers*, who was on board the vessel. Captain Samuels and five of the crew left the *Danvers* at Queenstown, and sailed for New York on the 31st ult.

ANOTHER attempt on the life of the Czar of Russia was made last week, when he was fired at by an officer of the Army in the park attached to the Gatchina Palace. A military conspiracy has been discovered in the Caucasus, involving a large number of officers of all branches of the service. Many arrests have been made.

SECRETARY FAIRCHILD is said to be a great worker. His mail includes many hundreds of letters a day, a large number of which he reads himself. He has his mail brought to Cabinet meetings in order that important letters may be answered without delay. He is the only member of the Cabinet who pursues this industrious practice.

MR. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, who purchased Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" at the sale of the Stewart paintings, has presented it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The price paid for the picture was \$53,000. The artist received about \$8,000 in 1853, when it was painted, and when Mr. Stewart bought it in a lot with others it was said to be valued at \$40,000.

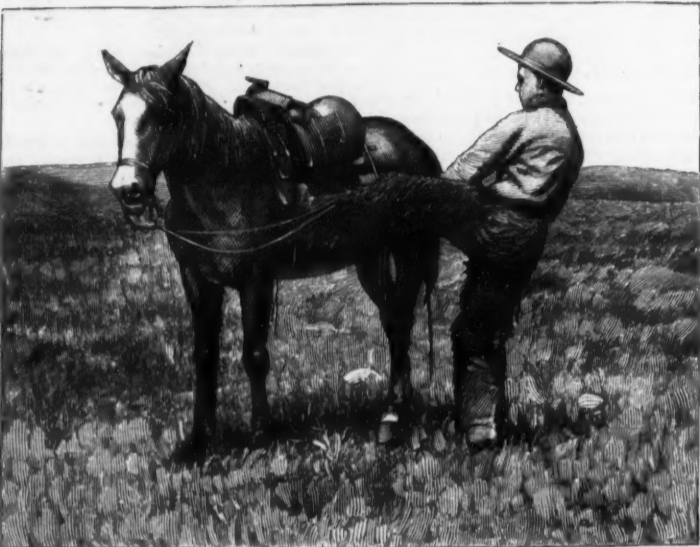
MR. CHAMBERLAIN, who seeks to build up a party in British politics of which he shall be chief, has received another hard blow in the election of Sir William Foster to Parliament from the like-stone division of Derbyshire by an increased Liberal majority of over 1,100. Mr. Chamberlain recently offered the Allotment Society of Birmingham £2,000 for the promotion of its object on condition that his brother Arthur should be made chairman in place of Sir Walter Foster. The committee, with the single exception of Mr. Jesse Collings, declined the offer. The five members of the Chamberlain family then withdrew from the Society.

REV. DR. EDWARD MCGLYNN, the deposed priest, lectured before an immense audience at the Academy of Music, New York, last week, on "The Cross of the New Crusade." On the platform were many well-known supporters of Dr. McGlynn and the leaders of the labor movement. When the doctor walked upon the stage, the whole house rose in their seats *en masse*; men, women and children cheered, waved their handkerchiefs and hats. Dr. McGlynn was moved to tears. Three little girls presented him with a large basket of flowers. During the speech, which was at times applauded to the echo, Dr. McGlynn reiterated his faith in the Henry George idea of land, and declared he would teach it at all hazards, any ecclesiastical authority to the contrary notwithstanding.

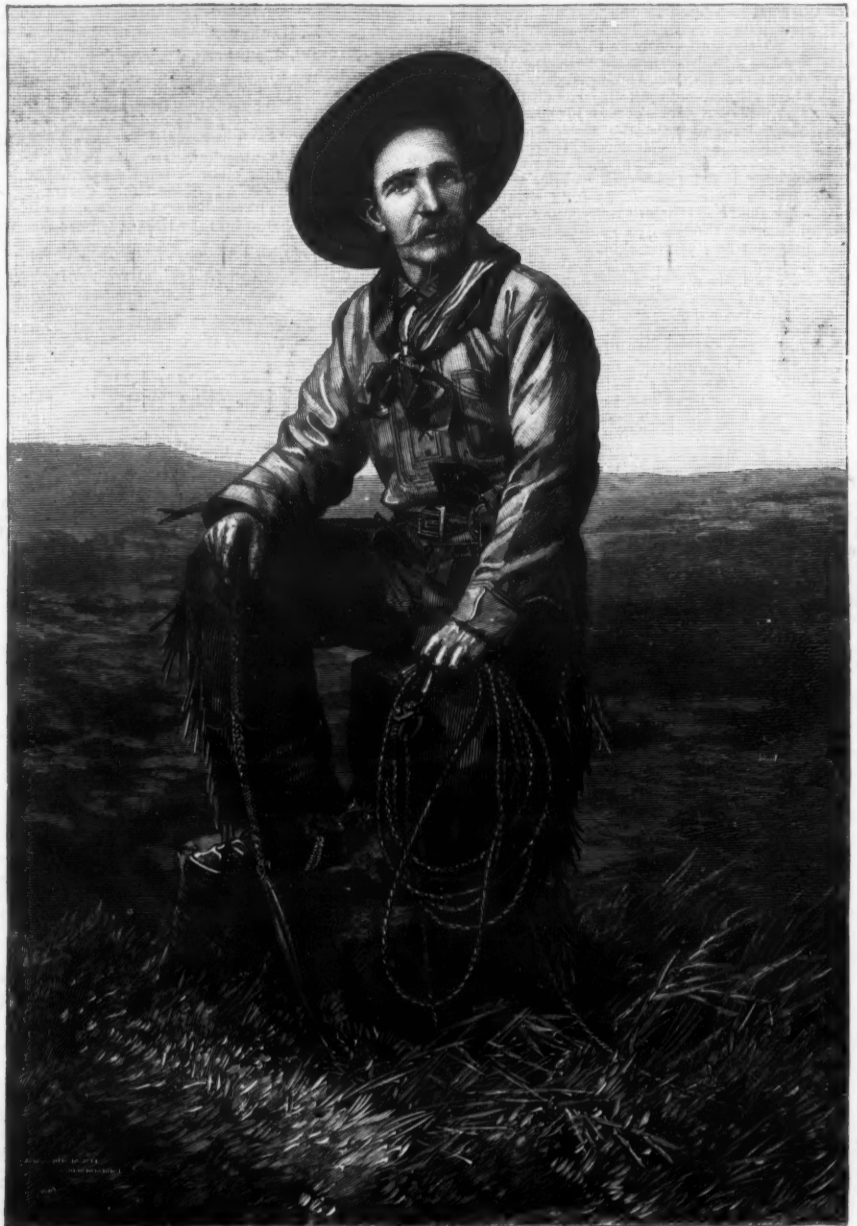
THE well-known stutter of the late William B. Travers, of New York, gave both piquancy and cumulative force to his inimitable witticisms. When the famous Vanderbilt fancy dress ball was occupying the attention of all New York, a bald-headed broker asked Travers to give him an idea for a character. "S-a-u-g-a-r-coat your head and go as a p-p-ill," said Travers. Seated in a street-car once with his little son, Mr. Travers edged gradually up as seat after seat was taken by incoming passengers. Finally he lifted the lad on his knee, and so sat for a while. The car grew more and more crowded, and a good-looking young woman seeing no vacant seat stared rather impudently at Travers, as though expecting him to rise. His eyes twinkled in characteristic fashion, as he turned his face to the boy and said, audibly: "G-g-get up, my son, and g-g-give the lady your seat." The young woman looked another way.



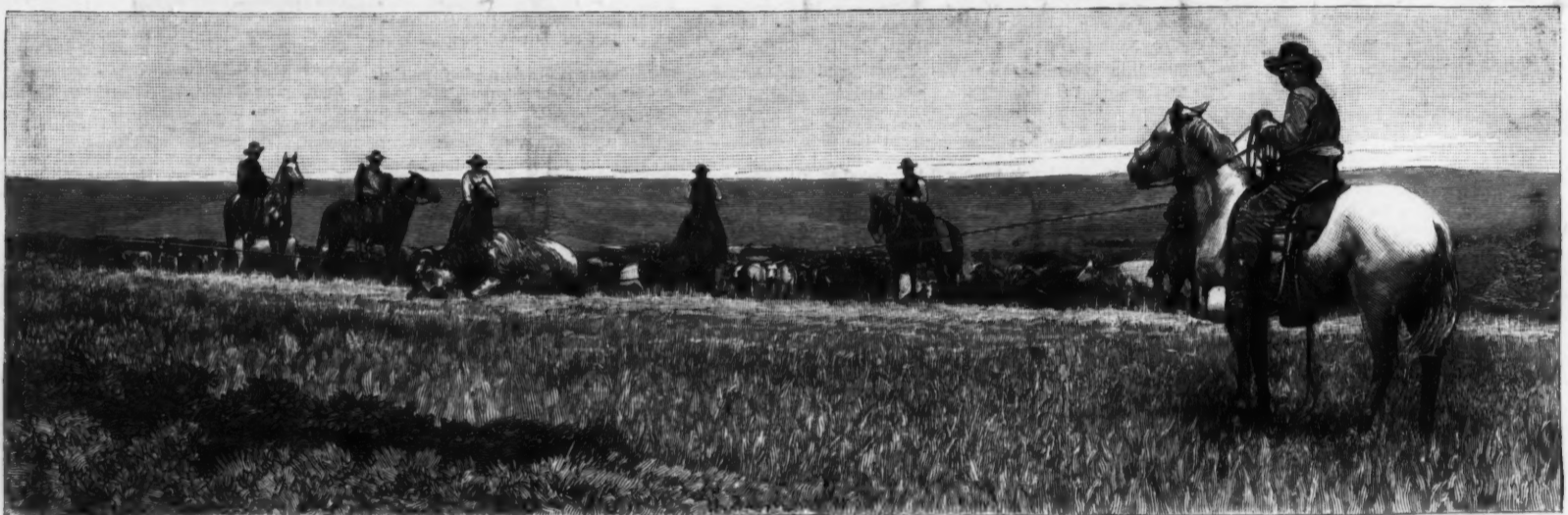
COWBOY SPORTS—RIDING A YEARLING.



TAKING UP THE BACK CINCH.



A COWBOY.

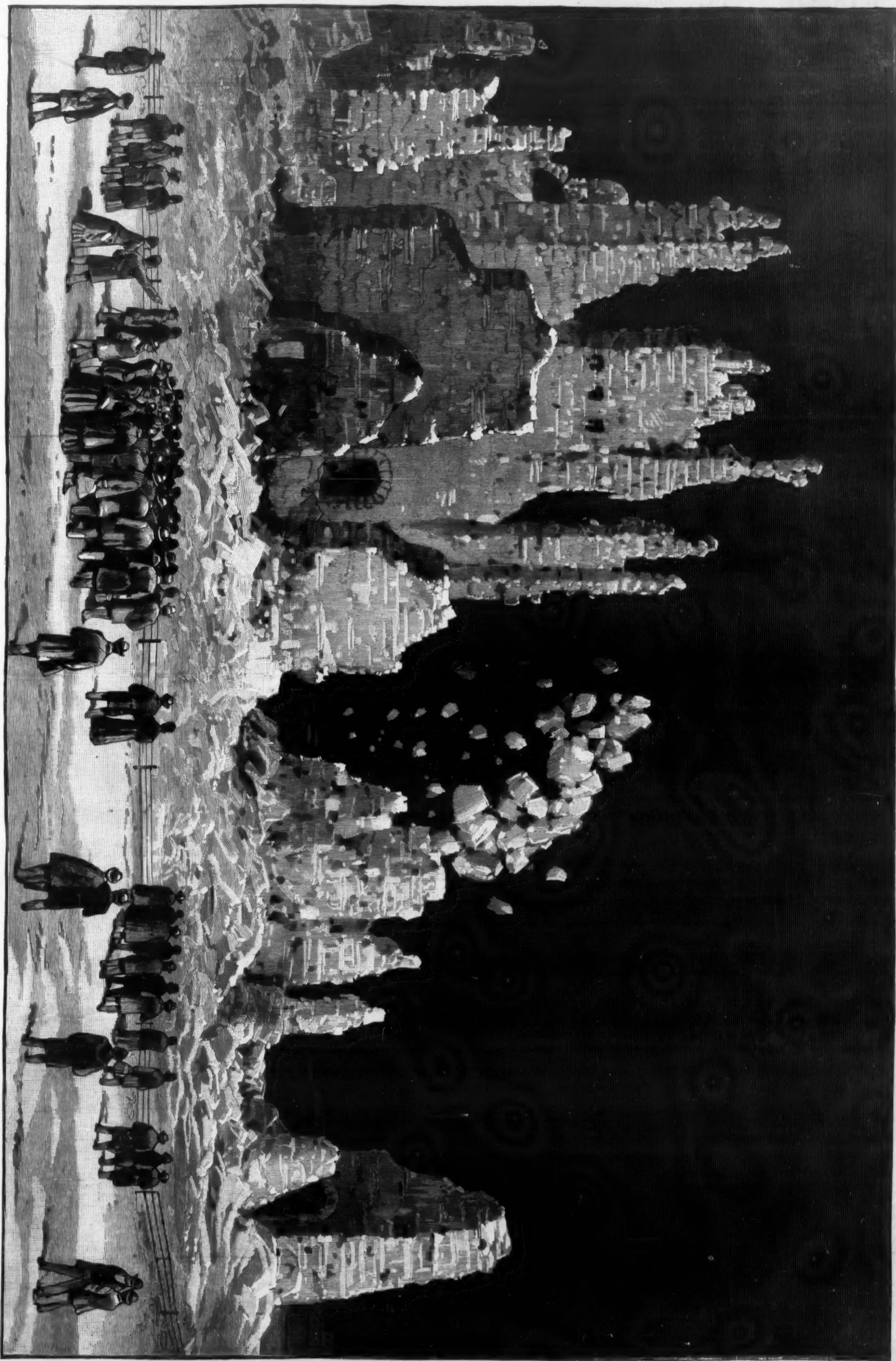


THROWING A STEER.



DINNER ON "ROUND-UP."

LIFE AMONG THE COWBOYS ON THE WESTERN PLAINS.
 FROM PHOTOS, BY C. D. KIRKLAND, CHEYENNE.—SEE PAGE 118.



MINNESOTA.—MELTING OF THE ICE PALACE AT ST. PAUL.

FROM A SKETCH BY C. BUNNELL.—SEE PAGE 123.

A WEB OF FATE:

A ROMANCE OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

By LIEUTENANT RODNEY.

CHAPTER V.—HILDA TELLS A STORY.

"But I am loved. It is certain, of all ladies, only you excepted, and I would I could find in my heart that I have not a hard heart, for truly I love none."

DURING all his trip since leaving his station, Kenneth had sent home postal-cards to relieve anxiety. As he could only scrawl these with his left hand, they were brief. Thus:

No. 1. "Coming home. Sore hand. Can't write."
No. 2. "Delayed. All well. Home soon."
No. 3. "See you soon on furlough. Eastern Station."

And so on. While at Chicago he reviewed these cards in his mind, and considering that he had not in them mentioned Hilda, this sapient youth sent another telegram to his mother: "Will be home on Tuesday evening by the five o'clock train from Harrisburg. Sorry to bring a lady so unexpectedly, but it will be all right."

This telegram set his parents nearly frantic. Who and what was this mysterious lady? Was Kenneth married?

An accident west of Pittsburg disarranged all Kenneth's itinerary; his father went to the depot at five to meet him, but there was no Kenneth there. At six it began to rain heavily; at half-past eight a carriage drove up to the porch, and into the house burst Kenneth, in high good spirits, wildly glad to get home and see his parents once more. Beside Kenneth was a slender, shrinking, girlish figure, looking lonely and lost as she entered the full light of the parlor, where Mrs. Moray, owing to the damp chill of the July evening, had lit a brilliant fire of wood in the wide chimney.

"Father, mother," said Kenneth, suddenly at a loss, "this is—Hilda."

The man of Greek took the girl's hand, with an earnest look and a "You are welcome, my dear."

Mrs. Moray stepped forward, kissed the girl's cheek, took off her hat, and led her toward the fire. But for once in her life this lady was overcome, and not quite mistress of herself; to recover herself she sank into a large chair near the hearth. Hilda stood near her on the rug. The girl had worn a large waterproof cloak, which she had unfastened, and which hung loosely over one shoulder. Her wavy black hair was damp with the driving rain; the firelight leaped and flashed over her slender form, and Mrs. Moray saw that the pretty lips trembled, and two tears stole silently over the smooth, oval cheeks. The elder lady, moved by profoundly tender emotions, bent forward, laid a hand on Hilda's waist, drew the girl into her lap, clasped her arms around her, cuddled the tearful face into her neck, kissed and caressed her, murmuring:

"There—there, my poor little dear! You are frightened and tired."

Hilda, on her part, burst into sobs, and her light figure shook in the firm, kind arms that held her. Kenneth, leaning on the mantel, looked on with relief, but with true astonishment.

Whatever was this girl crying about now?

To Hilda it was a true luxury and relief to cry; to give way to all the emotions which she had been forced to fight with and conceal day after day, when there was no one to understand them. This was the reaction after long repression; this was the sudden outburst when relief and shelter came, and she found a welcome, and tenderness, and refuge, after all her wanderings and disasters.

"I don't mean to cry," she whispered, "I don't know why I cry—only—I am so tired."

"So you are," soothed the lady, gently wiping the girl's face, and stroking her rumpled hair. "You are tired. This has been a terrible journey, I am sure. You will feel better when Phoebe has brought you some supper."

"We had supper," volunteered Kenneth. "I thought she was waiting too long, and we stopped for a train a whole hour at the Junction, and we had supper."

"Yes," said Hilda, "I don't want supper. I don't want anything but rest. Please—you are so kind, but I feel as if, could I only be alone, I could get quiet—please, may I go to my room?"

"Certainly, dear; I will take you there at once," Hilda rose up, still clinging to Mrs. Moray's hand. She looked at Mr. Moray:

"Good-night, sir," she said; then moving off by Mrs. Moray's side, she looked at Kenneth: "Good-night."

Oh, how glad she was to be rid of his sole guardianship; to have another shelter! Her voice told it! Kenneth did not resent it a particle; he was rejoicing to lay down his responsibilities.

"Good-night," he said, indifferently. "Oh, there's the luggage!" and he dashed into the hall, to attend to something that was really interesting.

Mrs. Moray took her guest up-stairs; she saw that the girl was too weary and tremulous for speech or queries; she introduced her to the room, kissed her good-night, and left her. As she turned in the hall, towards the stairs, she heard Hilda lock and bolt her door!

Down-stairs and straight into the parlor walked Mrs. Moray, and up to her tall son, and laid a hand on either arm, and looked him squarely in the face:

"My son, are you married to this young girl?"

And Kenneth made the extraordinary answer:

"Upon my soul, mother, I don't know whether I am or not."

"You don't know whether you are married?" cried his father.

"No, sir. On the whole, I should say I am about half married—that's nearly it."

"What do I hear!" cried the senior Moray.

"What has come over you? Are you mocking at the sanctity of marriage? Have you turned

Mormon, or what not, to make such statements as this?"

We must explain a word for Moray senior. The first telegram of his son had distressed him, and given rise to painful anxiety and suspicions. In the two months since then, Kenneth—why, his father knew not—had given no explanations. Moray senior felt that the boy ought to know what misery his silence caused his parents. The wounds and other troubles were unknown to him—the last telegram struck him as exceedingly reckless.

Kenneth looked at his sire.

"I'm not making fun of anything, sir. I'm stating simple facts."

"You two misapprehend each other," said Mrs. Moray. "Son, you telegraphed for consent to a marriage of necessity—what did that mean?"

"So it was necessity. This girl's father was brought in half killed on the stage. Accident—knew he must die. Hilda had no relations anywhere—no friends West—she couldn't get East alone. Mr. Calvert couldn't leave her there in a stage-station full of strange men. He lived a few days, took a notion to me, and proposed that I should make her safe by marrying her. So I telegraphed home. What could I do? I couldn't go back on a lonely young girl and a dying man."

"Certainly not," said his father. "I dare say you did quite right. And so you married her?"

"I stirred about lively to scare up a minister, or a magistrate, to do the business, and I could not get any one. Old Mr. Calvert grew worse; he was in a terrible way, and I said we'd be married by telegraph. We started in the ceremony, and got so far as, 'Kenneth, will you take her,' and so on, and I sent back, 'I will,' when down goes the line, and leaves us that way, without a word to her, or any pronouncing man and wife, and in ten minutes the poor old gentleman was dead. Now, I don't know if that far that we got made a valid marriage or not?"

"Certainly it did not," said Mr. Moray, coming out of his Greek abstractions to the common affairs of earth. "And I suppose, when the line was mended, you completed the ceremony?"

"No, sir, we did not; by that time Hilda concluded she did not want to be married. I say, mother, aren't women—most women—all but you—very changeable?"

Mrs. Moray stepped before her son, laid a hand on either shoulder, and looked up at him:

"Kenneth, look me in the eye."

Kenneth looked at her steadfastly.

Mrs. Moray took from her breast a locket, opened it, turned the beautiful child face therein to Kenneth.

"Kenneth, my son, answer me: have you treated this young girl, and brought her home in all honor and security, as you would have wished one to treat your sister, had she grown up in this world and been left as in this girl's place?"

The young man bent and kissed the picture as if taking a sacrament.

"Yes, mother," said Kenneth, sincerely, "I have."

Then the heart of his mother rested.

Mr. Moray took off his spectacles to survey his son without the medium of glasses.

He shook hands with his heir cordially.

Then Kenneth explained his history with minuteness.

It was getting late.

"You'll have to help me undress, father," said Kenneth. "My arm isn't much good yet."

The two left the room.

When the old gentleman came back he paced up and down the parlor. Greek declensions and Greek prosody drifted into the background, while the foreground of his thoughts was filled with this beautiful young girl so suddenly thrust into his home and care. He paused before his wife.

"Well?" said the man of Greek.

"Yes," responded the artist.

"What are we going to do about it? A marriage without love, forced on the pair of them—or let it go as no marriage at all—or what?"

"It is an affair of many complications," said Mrs. Moray. "We must study it carefully."

"I have a singular impression, that the more you study it, the more complicated you'll find it," said Mr. Moray.

But he had no inkling of the chapter of romance opening in his home.

As for Kenneth, he thought that all responsibilities were over. His parents might know how to take care of this girl, who was so strangely given to tears, and so afraid of everything. Hilda also rejoiced in an idea of all troubles ended. When she woke in the morning, she mused how gracious was old Mr. Moray, how lovely the home, how sympathizing and tender Mrs. Moray, and she drew a long sigh and said to herself, "Kenneth will go off to a new station soon, and then, with no one to tease me and tell frightful stories, I shall be as happy as possible. I shall never get married. I shall have books, flowers and pictures, and enjoy myself."

When the travelers' luggage had all been unpacked and properly bestowed, Kenneth went to his father's study with a bundle of papers.

"Here are Mr. Calvert's documents," he said.

"He handed them over to me, and made out a will or a paper, asking me to act as guardian to his daughter. What sense is there in my being her guardian? I can't half be guardian to myself. I'm getting into some confounded mess all the time for my mother to haul me out. I say, father, she's seventeen—ain't she old enough to select a guardian for herself?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, then, we'll call her in, and let her to choose you."

"But she may not wish to make that choice, Kenneth."

"She'll do it. That's one of her virtues—to do as she is bid."

"Has she no friends or relatives to be consulted?"

"No. He told me she was alone in the world. His papers are all right. His money is in bonds. There is his letter to the bank where he had a safe, and here's a key to the safe in the vault, and the bonds are all in it—thirty thousand, all for Hilda. The other property goes to a second cousin of Mr. Calvert's, an Englishman, in London. It's landed estate, in Surrey, England, and all I have to do is to send the cousin a certified statement of the death and this paper in the long blue envelope. There's some silver plate in that Deposit Company's safe, and there is the certificate of it. Hilda won't want to get it out till she is married. You see, all is square, and no trouble. She'll live well enough on her coupons. The old gentleman, in this note, requesting me to be guardian and marry her, wants to have twenty thousand tied to Hilda and her heirs to keep her from want always; and I was to take ten thousand to set up in business. But I am not ready to set up in business. I'll stick by the service a bit longer. And, moreover, I'm not married to Hilda."

"That was a tremendous amount of confidence to put in a strange young man, to give him the girl and all her property," said Mr. Moray.

"Why, was it? Perhaps it was, though it did not strike me in that way. Of course I wasn't going to make away either with the daughter or her money. Why should I? I hope I have the makings of a man and a gentleman in me; and then, you see, there was nothing else the old man could do; he was driven to the wall—that or nothing. Poor old gentleman, the idea hurried up his death!"

Kenneth heard Hilda in the hall, and rushed to call her.

"Hilda! come in here. We must settle up your affairs. You need a guardian, four years, till you are twenty-one. It's all humbug, my playing guardian. You are old enough to choose; you go down with us to Judge Hilden, and choose father."

"Stop! stop!" said Mr. Moray. "Hilda may have some other wish."

"Oh, no!" said the docile Hilda. "I'd like you, sir, very much."

"It's him or me, you see," said the lordly Kenneth.

"Oh, I'd rather have him—much!" cried poor Hilda.

"That's it, my dear," observed Kenneth, while his sire concealed a smile. "Choose a man of sense always, if you can. Father won't bother you. Mother will be the real guardian; father's got his Greek to see to; he can't look after girls. All you have to do is to live on here comfortably and make yourself at home; when you want any money, you call on father for it—he'll give you it out of the interest on your bonds. Enjoy yourself, but don't be wasteful. By-the-way, you know I spent nearly three hundred dollars of what your father had with him, in bringing you home. I gave you five hundred that I found in his belt, mentioned to you to take care of it."

"It's up-stairs in my top drawer," said Hilda.

"Now, Hilda, that's a very bad scheme, to leave money—a large sum, too, that it takes a long while to get together—lying round loose like that. It might be lost, and some one unjustly blamed for it, and it is temptation in the way of servants. I'm surprised at you."

Kenneth having delivered his opinions with the force and gravity of a full Sanhedrim, Hilda meekly responded that she would go and get the money.

Moray senior was not a man who found much that was jocose or amusing in life. The wit or nice quip of some ancient Greek did buttimes stir him to a smile; but even these being for the hundredth time read, and commented upon, and neatly analyzed, lost some of their freshness and laughter-moving properties. But now he had much ado to keep from merriment at this nineteenth-century young man and maiden courting, if this were courting, in such original style.

Hilda returned with five one-hundred-dollar bills. She looked from father to son. "Which shall I give it to?"

"To my father," said Kenneth. "Do you want any money, Hilda, at present?"

"No," said Hilda. "What would I do with it?"

She had passed the age of dolls and toyhouses, and had not reached the age when other trifles are craved.

"I think my wife would say you should have an allowance, and keep accounts," said Moray senior.

"Very well. How much allowance, and where is the account-book?" asked Hilda.

She retired to get hat and parasol, to accompany Mr. Moray and Kenneth to the proper authority before whom to assert her orphaned estate and choose her guardian.

"She is very gentle and yielding," said Mr. Moray; "almost too much so."

"Don't you believe it," quoth that man of experience, his son. "All's quiet along the Potomac just now; but if she takes an idea into her head, or anything stirs her up, she'll fight for her own way just like other people."

"She is exceedingly pretty," continued Moray senior, with a view to sounding his son.

"Yes; but not just my style," said Kenneth, indifferently.

"I hope you are not disparaging the young lady!"

"No, indeed," said Kenneth; "no one could do that, and I wouldn't, sure. You've no idea how she waited on me and attended to me when I was hurt."

Mrs. Moray watched the young couple even with anxiety; she wanted to know what was best for her son, but especially what was best for this young girl, as, to women, adventures such as hers are of vital importance.

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Moray to Kenneth, "that Hilda is just the kind of girl any young man would fall in love with."

"So she is," replied Kenneth. "I hear all the

men hinting how pretty she is, every time she goes along the town, and they are all staring and watching. If they stare much more, I'll tumble some of them over."

"How does it happen you did not fall in love?" asked his mother, looking at him closely.

"Oh, well, falling in love isn't much in my line, it seems; and then, you see, Hilda is very nice, but she is so timid. I like people that are not afraid of everything. Hilda is the sort of girl one must be always in his good clothes for, with his boots blacked, hair parted and a flower in buttonhole. I like to get myself up that way too, sometimes, but on occasion one wants to feel less than an outlaw and more than an intelligent contraband, when one is off shooting with a flannel shirt on, or comes from boating wearing a pea-jacket and trousers put in the top of his boots. Hilda's afraid of guns, and boats, and horses, and dogs, and revolvers—of lots of things that I like."

Such being Kenneth's frame of mind, Mrs. Moray proceeded to investigate Hilda's opinions. She saw that the maiden was quietly keeping out of Kenneth's way.

"What is the matter, child?" inquired the lady.

"Has Kenneth vexed you, or does he tease you, or do you dislike him? Tell me what is wrong."

"I don't dislike him," said Hilda. "He was my only friend for a long while, and my father said he liked him best of any young man he ever saw. But I don't feel comfortable with him, some way. He told me, once, he did not know whether we were married or not. I know we are not. I never said one word!"

The girl's cheeks flamed, and her dark eyes showed latent fires.

"He will never tell you that again," said Mrs. Moray. "He knows now it was no marriage at all. But as you were out West together so long, and as you took that long journey together, perhaps, for sake of what people might say—"

"What could they say?" demanded Hilda.

Well, why enlighten her about the world's envious and carping tongue? Mrs. Moray proceeded tranquilly:

"It seems as if—if you and Kenneth could grow fond of each other—you might as well be really married some time."

In her zeal to show cause why she and Kenneth could never be united, Hilda forgot she was talking to the mother of the son.

"I like him well enough if I am not thinking of marrying him. But I can never marry him; he frightens me nearly to death. He tells horrid stories of Indians, and of folks being hung, and you have seen how dreadful he looks with his revolver and cartridge-belt on! If I were married to him, I should never have an easy minute, for expecting him to shoot himself, or me, or to break his neck riding a bronco. I like to see gentlemen ride decent saddle-horses, but not creatures who dance with all their heels in the air, while they seem to be whirling round on their noses. Why, every time Kenneth tried to amuse me, out West, he told horrid things that set me crying!"

Mrs. Moray burst into peals of laughter. She said at last:

"Certainly this question must be set aside for some years longer. If you loved him, only a little, all that he did would be lovely in your eyes. If he loved you, then instinct would teach him how to make love in a manner agreeable to you."

"This marrying is ridiculous work except when people are really grown up and middle-aged, like you and Mr. Moray."

"But we were not grown up into middle-aged people when we married," said the lady, with a smile.

"I suppose not. But, then, Mr. Moray is so nice; he is not at all blunt; he never startles you with queer remarks. I had much rather a man would talk about Greek verbs, and ancient editions, and the style of Plato—even though I don't at all understand it—than to talk of Indians, and scalping, and holding up stages."

After this concession as to the elder Moray, Hilda reverted to her first theme.

"Can't you be my mother-in-law unless I marry Kenneth?"

"I suppose not," said Mrs. Moray.

"I can adopt you for one, and I will, too. I won't be married, and I will have you for a mother-in-law!" cried the girl, pettishly.

"You must not forget the signaling, Hilda," said Kenneth, one day. "Let us practice two hours every morning. We will stand you on the observatory on the roof and I on the top of the barn, or you in your window and I on a tree, and at night we'll have torch and lantern across the lawn. Who knows how we might want to use it some day?"

"You are so busy playing lion to all the town," said Hilda, "how can you find time to teach me anything? You need it all to tell adventures."

"By good luck the girls here do not shriek and run the minute they hear the word Indian or pistol. I wonder if anything would ever make you brave and self-possessed like other girls?"

"I think the other girls are rude hoidens. I'd rather sit and meditate."

"No doubt you are thinking of that Horace Anvers you tell me of sometimes."

"No doubt I am; he was a perfect gentleman," said Hilda, angrily.

The recollections of Hilda concerning the elegant Horace were certainly not very poignant! Her life rippled along calmly as a Summer stream. But one day she burst forth from this calm into a sudden excitement. The cause seemed very simple. Mr. and Mrs. Moray, Kenneth, Lallah, and Hilda, were sitting on the western piazza, enjoying the August evening and the setting sun. Mr. Moray had dropped his book. Hilda was twisting a spray of honeysuckle. Kenneth and his mother were talking. These words came to Hilda's ear.

"I don't wonder," said Mrs. Moray, "to hear that he is doing remarkably well—he was well brought up, is of excellent family; best will generally

tell. In fact, Kenneth, I think this county is rather illustrious for its good old families, admirable stock, morals and manners, handed down from father to son."

This harmless speech fired the train, and the quiet Hilda broke forth in an explosion.

"I feel like an impostor and an interloper here among you all! You will come to look on me as a deceiver and an outcast! I notice it—you like old families and 'good blood,' and 'inherited qualities,' and 'property.' I notice it—you speak of it naturally, it slips into your conversation without your thinking of it. I am sure you will hate me, and not want me here any longer! But I won't stay on false pretenses; I haven't meant to. Mr. Calvert was one of those good old families—old English families from Surrey—but nobody knows who I am—I was not Mr. Calvert's daughter!"

"Why, my dear child, what are you talking about?" said Mrs. Moray.

"About what's true," cried Hilda, passionately. "He picked me up, he adopted me—he did it by law; the law made me Hilda Calvert, and his heir; but law is one thing, and fact is something else. I'm Hilda Nobody."

"My dear girl," said Mrs. Moray, "you are yourself. Don't excite yourself in this way. Why should you? You are a dear little girl, and we all love you." She put her arm round Hilda's waist. The revelation just made was certainly a shock; the lady had a penchant for "good blood"; she would rather that Hilda were Hilda Calvert, but as Fate decreed otherwise, and the girl had the burden of being Hilda Nobody, why, she must comfort her in bearing it.

"Never mind, my dear; say no more about it."

"There!" cried Kenneth; "that is the very thing Mr. Calvert tried to tell me before he died. I'm sure of it. Do you remember, Hilda? He said, and he wrote, 'I am—I am—I see how he meant to finish it—I am not her real father.' He asked me if I remembered the story of Jean Valjean and Cosette. Jean Valjean, you know, adopted Cosette, and loved her no end, too. Cosette was a dear little girl, all the same."

"Well, I'm not Cosette," said Hilda, fractionally. "And I am going to tell you my story, and if you don't like me any more, only say so!"

"My dear, we love you all the same. Tell just what you like, and only what you like," said Mrs. Moray.

"I'll tell all I know," said Hilda. "Mr. Calvert had one child of his own, a girl, and she was named Hilda by her mother's mother, who was a German. He loved her very much; she would have been as old as twenty-five if she had lived till now. One day after she was dead Mr. Calvert was in his office, when he felt some one pull his coat, and he looked round, and there was a little girl that to him looked just like his own. That was me. I was four years old. I remember it: I went into his office because the door was open, and I was tired of sitting in one spot in the street, and the office looked pretty; and I pulled his coat as I wanted him to hand me a marble pear that was a paper-weight. I came in from an old applewoman who had taken her place that day for the first time at his door. He went out and spoke to her. She told him she had come from Germany more than three years before, and had had a little money, and it was finally gone, and she had just begun to sell apples. He asked her what relation I was, and she would not say—only told him my name was Hilda. That made him love me more, and he wanted to adopt me, but his wife could not bear to think of any child in her own dead child's place. Then Mr. Calvert set the old woman up in a little fruit-shop, so I need not be out in the street. He bought me clothes and toys, and saw me every day. In a year his wife died, and a little after that he adopted me. The old woman gave me up willingly; she said my name was Brumhilda, and she gave him a locket with a picture in it; it is the one that I nearly lost at the station, West, Kenneth. I used to see her every week for a year, and then she died. Two or three years after that, one day, Mr. Calvert was walking along the street with me, and a woman in whose house this old woman of mine had died ran after him and told him that a foreign man had come inquiring for the old woman, and for the child that had been with her, and she could not remember Mr. Calvert's name, nor where we lived. Mr. Calvert told her that if any more foreign men came, to send them to his office. But in a year or two Mr. Calvert left business and had no office. One day, when I was about twelve, and we had been up in the country all Summer, we were in the street, and this same woman ran after us. She said that, two months before, a foreign gentleman had come looking for me and the old woman, and had seemed much troubled at losing us, and said he had advertised in the papers. He was German; this woman that told us was a Swede; she never could get Mr. Calvert's name right. Mr. Calvert told me I was old enough to choose—if I wanted him to hunt up the foreign people who asked after me, and try and find my friends, he would; he would advertise in German papers. But I loved him—he was my only father—and I loved this country, and Mr. Calvert felt so badly at the idea of losing me, that I said I did not want to find any family, or go to any one but him. I never cared who I was nor where I came from until—I came here and heard you talk of families, and thought how I am Hilda Nobody. Mr. Calvert loved me so much. He was always talking of Jean Valjean and Cosette, and how Valjean lost Cosette as soon as she loved Marins; and I know he never wanted me to love any one but him. That's all I know. If ever I had any family, they were Germans; but I don't suppose they were nice, or cared for me, or why should they give me to an old applewoman? She was kind enough, but I remember sitting looking at her, when I was little, and thinking how thick and rough her skin was, and what big, crooked, horny hands she had, as one

who had worked out-of-doors, and what queer clothes she wore, and what ugly things she liked to eat."

(To be continued.)

THE ST. PAUL ICE PALACE.

PROBABLY many readers who saw our illustrations of the great, glittering Ice Palace at St. Paul, Minn., at the opening of the Winter Carnival, have pictured in imagination the scene of dissolution represented in the sketch of our artistic correspondent, reproduced on page 121. Such is the inevitable destiny of the Ice King's temporary stronghold, in our latitudes, where the warm breath of Spring plays greater havoc among the frozen masonry than earthquakes do in brick-walled cities. The once stately Ice Palace is now a dripping, tottering ruin, and its shadow grows less day by day. Its final disappearance as a poor little mound of ice will probably coincide with the bursting of the flower-buds in early May. Standing on an elevation, the ruins are at present visible above the tops of the surrounding houses. The east side melts in the morning, and the west side in the afternoon. The latter gets the greater share of heat, so that the whole structure is toppling in the direction of the afternoon sun. The ice-cakes melt into peculiar triangular-faced masses hanging together by mere corners and edges, in the most airy and fantastic fashion imaginable. Altogether, the "dissolving view" of the Ice Palace is wonderfully interesting, and attracts sight-seers with almost as much potency as did the opening spectacle two or three months ago.

THE FLOUR MILLS OF MINNEAPOLIS.

WE illustrate in detail, this week, the vast flouring industry of Minneapolis, of world-wide celebrity, and familiar to our readers through frequent mention and descriptive notice in these columns. Rochester, N. Y., used to be thought remarkable for its fine water-power and its mills; but the world has moved westward, and Minneapolis now leads in the manufacture of flour. For some years past, also, it has been the greatest primary market for wheat in this country; and the shipments for the week ending March 26th of this year were the largest ever known, being 153,000 barrels, against 105,000 barrels for the corresponding week last year.

Whenever, in Minneapolis, the stranger sees a gigantic structure looming up like the rock of Gibraltar above the surrounding buildings, in the vicinity of the Falls of St. Anthony, he may make up his mind that it is either a grain elevator or a flour mill. There are over a score of the latter, and some idea of their stupendous output may be gained from the fact that the three Pillsbury Mills alone have a joint capacity of 10,000 barrels daily. The total yearly production of the mills of Minneapolis is between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 barrels.

The wheat coming into Minneapolis is purchased by the Millers' Association, an organization for mutual protection. It is then taken in and weighed at the elevators of the different milling companies. The cleaning process is the first step towards manufacture. Straw and foreign matter are removed by separators, the wheat being next passed through two oat and weed extractors and through a cockle-machine. Then it is scoured and passed through two sets of brushes, after which it is brought to the crushing-machinery, which consists of corrugated rollers. The first reduction, or break, is to crack open the berry without breaking it into fine pieces. By careful manipulation the outside coating, which is tougher than the berry, is removed entire. The passage through what are called scalping-rolls next removes any remaining dirt or beard. The little flour that appears at this stage is very low grade, called "Red Dog," and is marketed only in foreign countries and among the Indians. By the second reduction, through corrugated rollers set closer, the grain is broken again. At this stage three separations are made; some of the middlings—the finer portion—go to the purifiers, and the coarser to a third reduction, whilst about five per cent. of flour similar to the old process flour is saved. Four grades of middlings are separated by this third reduction, called No. 1 (the coarsest), No. 2, No. 3, and No. 4. The flour obtained by this operation is of a better quality than from either of the reductions already described, and is called "Baker's." The fourth break is a repetition of the third. At the fifth only three grades of middlings are separated, successive reductions having removed No. 1, the coarsest, just mentioned. The flour is still Baker's, but of poorer quality than before. At the sixth and last reduction, the middlings are all removed and are of grades 3 and 4; the flour obtained is of a grade scarcely higher than the Red Dog. What remains is bran.

Thus far the process has been intended merely to clean and prepare the middlings for the manufacture of choice flour, for the middlings are the best part of the wheat. The flour hitherto obtained has been too much pulverized and was therefore sifted out from the middlings. Each of the four grades of middlings has been purified separately by machines each adapted to its particular grade. They are sent now to smooth rollers of chilled and highly polished steel in order to remove small particles of the germ and bran that may remain, and to pulverize them finally. The flour goes to the bolting-chests, whose discharge is the best patent flour. Any residue that has not been thoroughly reduced is sent to the old-fashioned millstones, and the product thus obtained, if from Nos. 1 and 2 middlings, is a good patent flour; if from Nos. 3 and 4, second grade patent.

HON. CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD,

THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

HON. C. S. FAIRCHILD, the new Secretary of the Treasury, was born in Cazenovia, this State, in 1842, and was graduated from Harvard University in 1863. He was admitted to the Bar of the State of New York in 1866, and immediately became associated in business, in Albany, N. Y., with the firm of Hand, Hale, Swartz & Fairchild. The business of this firm was large and successful, and Mr. Fairchild soon manifested a capacity that speedily put him in the front rank of his profession. He has always been a Democrat, and always been deeply interested in politics. In 1874, he was appointed Deputy Attorney-general of the State of New York, and served with such acceptability that the next year he was nominated by the Democrats as Attorney-general; was elected, and served one term of two years. At its expiration, Mr. Fairchild spent two years in Europe, in travel and observation, and on his return to this country, resumed the practice of his profession in the City of New York, meeting with deserved success and

prominence. He was called again into public life by President Cleveland in 1885, who made him Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. In this position, Mr. Fairchild has shown marked capacity. During the illness of Mr. Manning, he acted as Secretary, representing the Department at Cabinet meetings, and taking the burden and responsibility of the office upon himself. He is an earnest, thoughtful, prudent man, and has won the confidence and esteem of the people and the President by fidelity in the discharge of important official duties.

HOW THE SUEZ CANAL IS WORKED.

A WRITER in the *Saturday Review* says: "The way in which the canal is worked from the Suez office is, like many other ingenious devices, exceedingly simple. It is ascribed to the local head of the administration, M. Chartrey, who deserves immense credit both for the invention itself and for the way in which it is applied to the traffic. Against the wall at one side of the room is a narrow shelf, or platform, along which runs a groove. At intervals this trough or groove has deep recesses, and at two places these recesses are of larger size. This trough or groove represents the canal. The recesses are the sidings. The larger intervals are the Great Bitter Lake and Lake Timsa. When a vessel has been signaled and is about to enter the canal, say at the Suez end, a small toy boat, or model, three or four inches long, is chosen to represent her. A group of these model ships stands ready beside the model canal, each furnished with a flag. About forty have the English flag, ten or a dozen the French flag, and soon with other nationalities. As the steamer comes up and her name is known, it is written on paper and placed on the toy boat. The whole number of ships thus actually in the canal at any moment can be seen at a glance; and, as the telegraphic signals give notice, the toy boats are moved along, or placed in a siding, or shown traversing one of the lakes at full speed. Signals are sent from the office to the various 'gares,' prescribing the siding at which each ship must stop to let another ship meet and pass it. The official who is on duty keeps the models moving as he receives notice, taking care, when perhaps two ships going in opposite directions are nearing the same siding, to give timely warning to the pilots in charge by means of the signal balls and flags at each station under his control from the office, and to direct which of the two is to tie up and which to proceed. Barring accidents, the whole arrangement goes like clockwork; the clerk can read off in a moment the name, tonnage, nationality, draught and actual situation of every steamer; he can tell what pilot she has on board, what is her breadth of beam, what rate she is moving at, and everything else which has to be known about her; and he is able without an effort to govern her movements, to prescribe the place where she is to pass the night, and the hour at which she is to get under way in the morning, although he does not see her, and probably never saw her in his life.

"The loss of the Soudan has diminished the trade of Suez, and in a slight degree the traffic of the canal, which has also been affected by the state of the market in England, and the long commercial depression. Nevertheless, there are often as many as forty steamers dotted about on different parts of M. Chartrey's model, and the fees, payable only in specie, are often enormous. Some of the large Australian lines of the Peninsular and Oriental or the Orient Service pay as much as \$9,000 in making a single transit. For every passenger half a napoleon, or 8s. 4d., is charged. All this money has to be received at one of the three offices at Port Said, Ismailia, and Suez, but the management of the traffic is chiefly carried on at Suez. The pilots are nearly all, to judge by their names—which are hung up in the same room—Greeks or of Greek origin, but a couple of Englishmen were among their number lately. Except to prescribe the rate of speed, the pilot is not of much use to the steamer passing through the canal, unless it is for the first time. A child can read the signals at the stations, and, as the pilot takes no responsibility, and gives his orders formally through the officer on duty on the bridge, it is probable that before long the obligation to take a pilot may be removed. It needs two pilots to take a ship through, as one always goes off and another comes on at Ismailia, on Lake Timsa."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

PRINCE BISMARCK has made all the religious concessions demanded by the Vatican, but refuses any political concessions.

THE outlook for a fine season has not been so good in Newport, R. I., for many years as at this time. More cottages have already been rented than ever before at the end of March. Good prices are being obtained at a fair advance over the general average of last year.

"SUMMER SCHOOLS" will be very popular during the coming Summer. Bowdoin College will have a Summer school for the study of science at Mount Hermon. Mr. Moody will have a Bible Summer school, and Harvard is to have a Summer school for physical training.

ANOTHER Mexican colonization scheme is attracting much attention on the Pacific Coast. It is the "International Company of Mexico," which has secured concessions of 60,000,000 acres in various parts of Mexico, but which proposes to begin operations by founding a colony in Lower California. The new colony has 18,000,000 acres, and its capital will be Ensinida, on Todos Santos Bay.

THE "Theosophical Society," headquarters at Adyar, India, has a branch in Boston. The objects of this society are: First—To form a nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race, creed or color. Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literature, religions and sciences. Third—To investigate unexplained laws of nature and of the psychical powers of man.

A COLLEGE for young women will be opened at Princeton, N. J., in September next. There will be two courses—the collegiate department and a preparatory department. Requirements for admission to the collegiate department will be the same as those of Princeton College. All the studies of the Freshman and Sophomore years except Greek will be pursued. In the two higher classes the regular course may be modified by lectures. An advanced course in the French and German languages and literature may be substituted for Greek, and other changes made, as in the lecture system of Princeton College. Opportunities have been made for the study of music, art, and modern languages, with conversation in French and German.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CALIFORNIA is overrun by tourists from the East.

THERE are said to be over 600,000 opium-consumers in the United States.

THE Danish temperance movement has now an army of 35,000 total abstainers.

THE Michigan Legislature has put a price on the heads of English sparrows.

TWENTY-two indictments against thieving Chicago officials were last week returned by the Grand Jury.

THE total amount realized from the sale of the Stewart collection of paintings and other art objects was \$582,894.

THE sealing-steamer *Eagle*, with a crew of 50 men and 210 sealers, is reported to have been lost off the Newfoundland coast.

It has cost the City of New York \$17,000 to send three boodle Aldermen to the Penitentiary and turn General Shaler out of public office.

OF the thirty-seven oleomargarine factories in this country, eleven are in Chicago, and none is found east of that city by the internal-revenue officers.

THE High-license Bill was passed, last week, by the New York Senate, by a vote of 18 to 14. All the Democrats, with only two Republicans, voted against it.

THE cold wave which last week swept over parts of South Carolina, Georgia and Virginia caused an almost total destruction of the strawberry and early vegetable crops.

THE Rhode Island Legislature has decided to give the people of the State the privilege of saying every ten years whether they want a convention called to amend the State Constitution.

THE Interstate Commerce Commission has organized with Judge Cooley as Chairman. It is understood that the Commissioners will divide the country into five circuits, each Commissioner taking a section to look after.

A MOB of Greeks recently attacked with stones the residences of the American missionaries in Smyrna. The American Legation at Constantinople has asked the Porte to send a man-of-war to Smyrna to protect the missionaries.

THE Liberal-Unionists in the British Parliament have agreed to support the Coercion Bill. The Cabinet has decided to abandon that clause of the Bill which provides for the changing of the venue from Dublin to London in certain classes of criminal trials.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad has been running local passenger trains between New Brunswick and Jersey City for a week or so with cars heated by steam from the locomotive, and it has been found feasible to heat a limited number of cars by this means and maintain a sufficiently high temperature.

THE mercantile failures for the three months ending April 1st, as reported by R. G. Dun & Co., are 3,007 in number, as against 3,203 for the same quarter of 1886. The liabilities for the first quarter of the present year are \$32,161,000, against \$29,681,000 for the corresponding quarter of 1886. In Canada, for the same period, the failures were 393, being four more than last year.

TWO INTERESTING statues have been discovered in the course of the excavations at the Acropolis of Athens. The first, which is of marble and colored, represents a female form, and is of a very ancient school of art, somewhat similar to those discovered last year; the second, a bronze Minerva, in an excellent state of preservation, and shows traces of gilding. The *Egis* is a fine piece of workmanship.

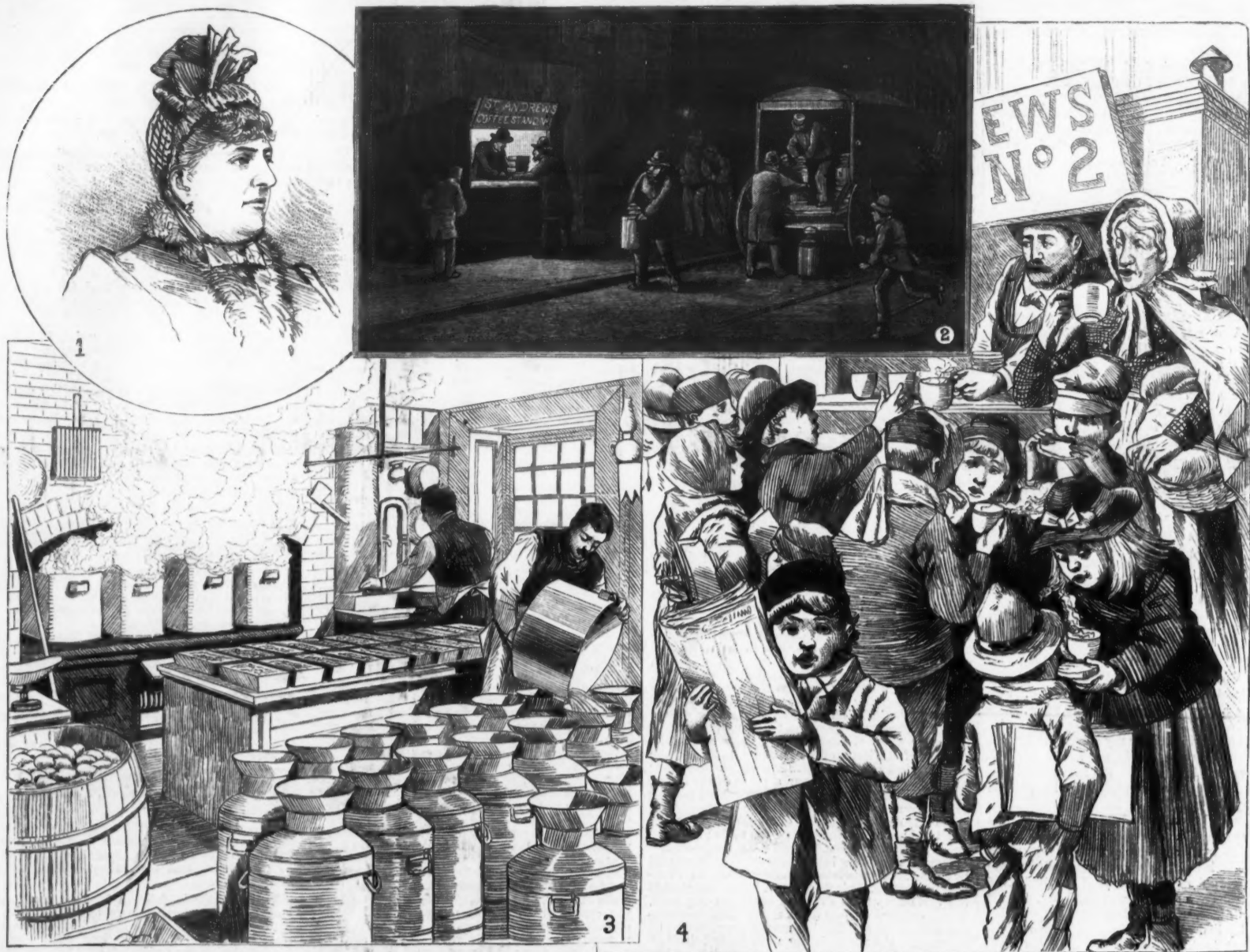
A LAW just passed by the Missouri Legislature prohibits, in St. Louis, the keeping open of saloons, beer-gardens, theatres, and other places of amusement, on Sunday. Baseball games and athletic shows are prohibited. Barber shops are to remain closed, and all manner of business is to cease. In Washington, D. C., the police authorities now enforce the law prohibiting all Sunday liquor-selling.

THE failure of Congress to provide for sheathing with copper the new steel vessels authorized to be built for the Navy will result in the raising of a great crop of barnacles on the hulls of the gun-boats and cruisers. Several thousand dollars have been expended in experiments during the last two years, but up to this time no method of protecting vessels from fouling has been discovered equal in efficiency to the old system of sheathing.

A LETTER from Henry M. Stanley, dated at Cape Town, Africa, says that German traders are rapidly crowding out the British in Zanzibar. Stanley has arranged with Tippu Tip, the uncrowned king of the region between Stanley Falls and Tanganika Lake, and commanding thousands of fighting Arabs, to assist him in bringing away Emin Bey's store of ivory, which is of the value of \$300,000. He has also appointed Tippu Governor of Stanley Falls.

A NEGRO "Messiah" has appeared in Florida, and is attracting immense audiences. He goes under the name of "Yellowstone Kit," is a man of slender build, dark, swarthy features, piercing black eyes, and dresses very particularly, fairly blazing with genuine diamonds. In Key West the excitement ran so high that factions were formed, and an attempt to assassinate Kit was made, in which he was severely injured. In Tallahassee, Fla., Bainbridge and Albany, Ga., and other sections of the State, the same peculiar excitement existed among the colored people, all claiming that he is the "Messiah." It is said that he carried away \$23,000 from Key West as the recompense for his arduous work of faith in restoring sight to the blind, and curing the lame, halt and sick.

A NEW municipal law in Stockton, Kansas, a thrifty city of the second class, gives women the power to vote. The men have agreed to give the fair politicians a chance to make a test of their ability to deal with public affairs. The entire city ticket—mayor, councilmen, etc.—is composed of ladies, who were unanimously nominated to the position. Stockton is on the South fork of the Solomon River, and has lately voted to build water-works. The handling of this important matter will be left to the women, who will have to let all contracts, see that contractors perform their work properly, pay off the men, and supervise things generally. They will have an opportunity to grapple with the railroad question, among other things, as the Missouri Pacific is likely to be extended this year. The whole country will watch with interest the result of an experiment that is without precedent in our history.



1. Portrait of Mrs. J. M. Lamadrid. 2. The Supply Wagon Delivering Food. 3. The Kitchen at Headquarters. 4. Scene at Stand No. 2.

NEW YORK CITY.—CHEAP FOOD FOR THE MULTITUDE—WORK OF THE ST. ANDREW COFFEE-HOUSE CHARITY.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.

MONUMENT TO GENERAL STEEDMAN.
WE give on this page an illustration of the monument of General James B. Steedman, just placed in position at Toledo, Ohio, and which

will be unveiled and formally presented to the city by Mr. W. J. Finlay on May 26th. The monument is in every way a fitting memorial of the distinguished statesman and soldier of the Republic, whose career conferred so much honor upon the

great State of Ohio; and the growing City of Toledo may well felicitate itself upon the thoughtful and considerate public spirit which has led to its erection.

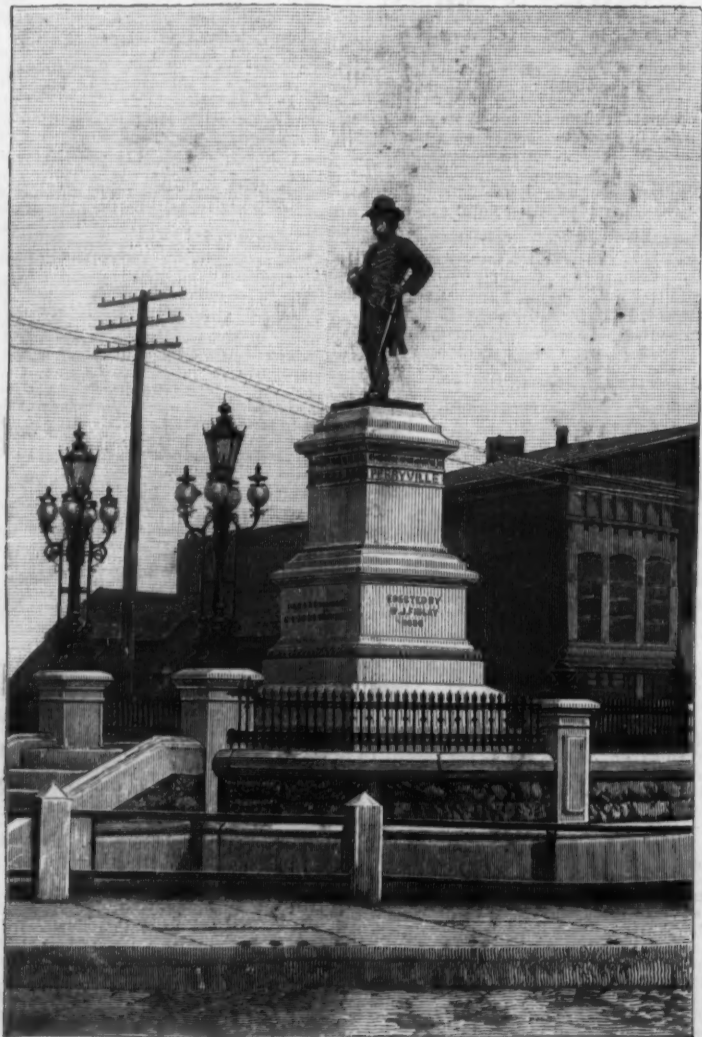
MRS. LAMADRID'S GOOD WORK.

THE sixth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John describes how Andrew, the disciple of Jesus, became the instrument of his Master in the miraculous feeding of the multitude by the Sea of Galilee. It is in remembrance of this miracle that the booths established by Mrs. J. M. Lamadrid, to feed the multitude of poor people in New York, are called "St. Andrew's One Cent Coffee Stands." They are connected with no St. Andrew's Church or Society. Mrs. Lamadrid is a handsome, dark-eyed, vivacious English lady, who, having witnessed the successful working of a similar charitable plan in London, determined to try it here, on her own responsibility. Though herself religious, in every sense of the word, she appears to be somewhat skeptical as to the charity of the average church or society. At any rate, she believes that it is not practical enough in reaching the multitude.

It was in the early part of last January that Mrs. Lamadrid opened her first booth, in Ann Street, near the *Herald* Office. She has now five in full operation, with headquarters and kitchen at No. 125 Madison Street. Her plan is to have, eventually, a booth in each of the great thoroughfares throughout the city. She has full permission from the city authorities, besides that of the individual property-owners in the various localities. Meanwhile, the five that have been opened—at Ann Street, Duane Street and Park Row, Greenwich Street and Battery Place, Franklin Square, and Grand Street and South Fifth Avenue—are a triumphant success, from their founder's point of view. Up to last week, or within a period of less than three months, they had furnished no less than 115,000 meals of wholesome, well-cooked food. The following will serve to show the variety and the miraculous cheapness of the St. Andrew menu: Half a pint of coffee, with milk and sugar and

a slice of bread, 1 cent; beef soup, with vegetables and bread, 1 cent; pork and beans, 1 cent; fish cakes, 1 cent; sandwiches, 1 cent; fish chowder (on Fridays), 1 cent. There are also rice puddings and other delicacies, as occasional extras; and in Summer there will be farinaceous dishes, with milk. It will be seen that one may indulge in a full meal of five courses for a nickel, or stave off the pangs of hunger with a single solid or liquid portion at an outlay of only one cent. A great deal of soup and coffee is supplied to families by the quart or gallon. Meal tickets are sold at the booths and the headquarters for 1 cent each, so that every charitably disposed person may carry a supply. The booths are open every week day from 5 A. M. to 7 P. M., and on Sundays from 7 to 10 A. M., and 3 to 5 P. M.

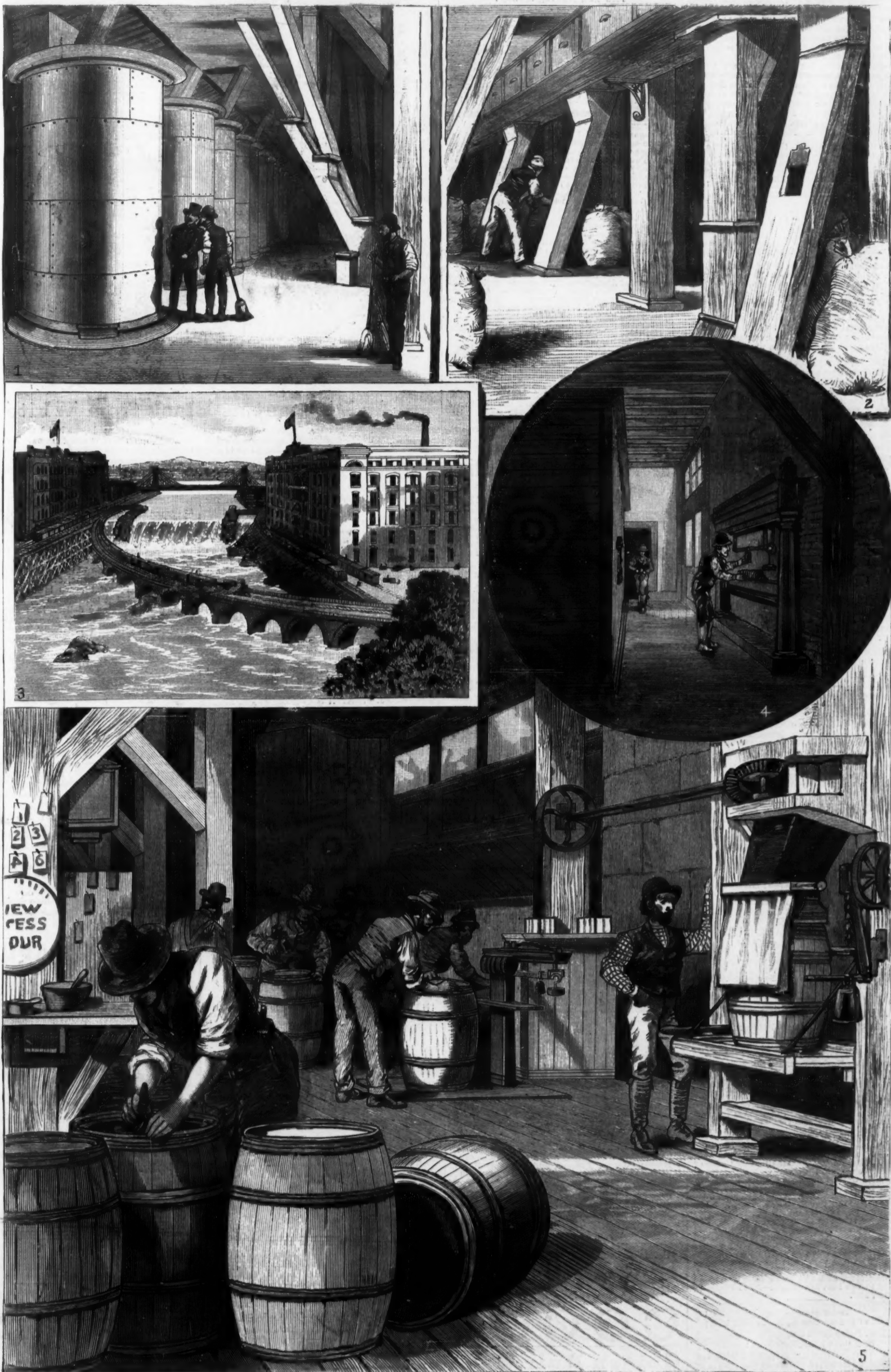
Of course, at the prices, the booths do not pay expenses. The cent is merely a compromise with the



OHIO.—MONUMENT TO GENERAL JAMES B. STEEDMAN, TOLEDO.
PHOTO. BY McKEENIE & OSWALD.



NEW YORK.—HON. CHARLES S. FAIRCCHILD, THE
NEW SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.
PHOTO. BY BELL.—SEE PAGE 123.



1. FLOUR-TANKS. 2. CONVEYANCE OF FLOUR TO TANKS. 3. VIEW OF MILLS. 4. WEIGHING THE WHEAT IN TANKS. 5. FILLING, PACKING, WEIGHING, HEADING AND BRANDING.
 MINNESOTA.—THE FLOURING INDUSTRY OF MINNEAPOLIS—THE PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE, PACKING,
 MARKING AND SHIPPING.
 FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 123.

delicacy of people who would be ashamed to accept out-and-out charity. Yet the deficit is not so great as might be supposed, for Mrs. Lamadrid goes personally to the dealers and buys her supplies at the lowest wholesale prices. There are no salaries to be paid, save for cooks, and the tending of the booths. With a little aid in the way of outside contributions, which are invited and are beginning to be offered, the truly worthy charity which Mrs. Lamadrid has started cannot fail to flourish. That it is appreciated by the thousands of newsboys, emigrants, poor families and street waifs whom it relieves, there is abundant evidence, not only in the patronage given, but in letters received daily by Mrs. Lamadrid. Here is a specimen:

"MADAM: Please accept the inclosed mite (25 cents) from a boy who, although poor, would like to aid in your kind work of supplying those poorer than himself with meals at prices which will enable them to fill their stomachs without emptying their pockets."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE reduction of the public debt during April amounted to \$12,808,467.

THE President has appointed Martin V. Montgomery, of Michigan, to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, to succeed Justice MacArthur, retired.

HEAVY snows last week blockaded all travel on the Intercolonial Railway in New Brunswick, and 1,500 passengers on the stalled trains suffered for several days great hardship from want of food.

REV. DR. JAMES CURRAN, formerly of St. Stephen's Church, New York, has been directed to retire to the Hoboken Monastery for ten days to do penance because he appeared upon the platform at the Academy of Music when Dr. McGlynn addressed a mass meeting of sympathizers, last week.

FOREIGN.

THE prosecution against Messrs. Dillon, O'Brien, Crilly and Redmond, for their connection with the Irish Plan of Campaign, has been abandoned.

THE Coercion Bill, under the operation of the clause, was ordered to a first reading in the House of Commons on Friday last. The motion for cloture was carried by 361 to 253. Mr. Parnell made a powerful speech in opposition to the Bill.

PRINCE BISMARCK's seventy-second birthday occurred on the 1st inst., and was marked by the receipt of congratulatory telegrams from over 700 persons, including the King of Roumania, the King of Wurtemberg, the Regent of Bavaria, and Count von Moltke.

FUN.

ENGLAND may be "mistress of the C's," but she has never yet been able to fairly master the H's.

THERE is always room at the top of an evening costume—for more costume.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

"GIVE me a dude egg, please," said the boarder to the table-girl. "A dude egg? What is that?" "A fresh one."

A NEW HAVEN paper boasts of a cat that sits up like a kangaroo. Kangaroos must sit up all night, then.—Charleston Enterprise.

IT is said of a great man, just dead, that "he began life a barefooted boy." Come to think, we boys all began that way.—San Francisco Alta.

AMATEUR performances are permissible during Lent. Strictly speaking, they do not come under the head of amusements.—New Orleans Picayune.

STRANGE that man should have been given two ears and but one tongue, when, as everybody knows, he would rather talk all day than listen five minutes.

YOUNG LADY (to brother)—"Bob, what is the most fashionable color for a bride?" "Bob—" "Well, sis, I don't know about fashion, but for me I should prefer a white one."

"Is your wife going to get a new bonnet for the end of Lent?" "I suppose so; but if she buys as expensive a one as she did last Spring, there will be a regular nor-Easter in our house."

A GENEROUS OFFER.

TAYLOR'S CATARRH CURE is sold under a guarantee that, if purchaser is not convinced of its merits after a ten-days' trial, the price, \$2.50, will be refunded on its return to the principal depot, City Hall Pharmacy, 364 Broadway, New York. Send 4c. stamp for pamphlet. Our readers can rely upon this.

A FORTUNATE FLORIDIAN.

THE GOOD LUCK OF A HOTEL PROPRIETOR OF CHARLOTTE HARBOR.

A REPORTER of the *Picayune* met yesterday Mr. Theodore J. Weaver, of Florida, who is proprietor of the Charlotte Harbor Summer Hotel, a popular resort on Hickory Bluff, near the mouth of the Peace River. It is not a great distance from Tampa, and is the terminus of the Florida Southern Railroad.

Mr. Weaver's visit to New Orleans is of a business character. One object he has in view is the purchase of a schooner or steam-vessel suitable for use in Charlotte Harbor in connection with his hotel. Another matter which he attended to, and which was entirely of an agreeable character, was the collection of \$5,000 from The Louisiana Lottery Company. This amount was due him by virtue of his holding one-tenth of the ticket numbered 66,344, which drew the second capital prize of \$50,000 in the drawing of March 15th. The sum mentioned was paid to Mr. Weaver by check. He had invested \$10 in the March drawing, and has realized very handsomely on his outlay.

Mr. Weaver is evidently a person of excellent common-sense, and did not appear at all excited over his good fortune. He stated that he had been taking chances in the Louisiana Lottery for some years past, and that this was not the first occasion upon which he had won. His previous winnings were, however, small prizes. He is a well-to-do, enterprising man, and will know how to expend his money to the best advantage.—N. O. *Picayune*, March 27th, 1887.

OLD ORCHARD HOUSE,
OLD ORCHARD BEACH, March 29th, 1887.
TO THE H. W. JONES MFG. CO.,
87 Malden Lane, New York:

The Old Orchard House was painted with two coats of John's Asbestos Paints in the Spring of 1886. It has had no paint since, and is still in good condition; in fact, looks better to-day than any other building in this place, painted with other paints, with not more than one-half the time of wear. The paint has given perfect satisfaction, and I should certainly think of using no other.
E. C. STAPLES, Proprietor.

Are You Making Money?

THERE is no reason why you should not make large sums of money if you are able to work. All you need is the right kind of employment or business. Write to HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine, and they will send you, free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, wherever you are located, earning thereby from \$5 to \$25 per day, and upwards. Capital not required; you are started free. Either sex; all ages. Better not delay.

MARK TWAIN AND PROF. LOISETTE.

THE FAMOUS HUMORIST TELLS HOW PROF. LOISETTE TAUGHT HIM TO IMPROVE HIS MEMORY.

IN regard to Prof. Loissette's system of Memory that he is now teaching personally and by correspondence, at 237 Fifth Avenue, New York city, Mark Twain says: "Prof. Loissette did not create a memory for me—no, nothing of the kind. And yet he did for me what amounted to the same thing, for he proved to me that I already had a memory—a thing which I was not aware of till then. I had before been able, like most people, to store up and lose things in the dark cellar of my memory; but he showed me how to light up the cellar. It is the difference—to change the figure—between having money where you can't collect it, and having it in your pocket. The information cost me but little, yet I value it at a prodigious figure."—N. Y. *World*.

IF your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wineglass of ANGSTURA BITTERS half an hour before dinner. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

OPIUM AND MORPHINE HABITS.

ANY person interested in the successful treatment and cure of the above will do well to address DR. JACKSON, 15 East Nineteenth St., N. Y.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

I had Inflammatory Rheumatism

For nearly a year I had to be fed and turned in bed. I could find no relief. My stomach was ruined and cut to pieces with powerful medicines taken to effect a cure so that I was compelled to live on bread and water. I suffered over twenty-five years in this way. I was induced to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and

I am Now Well.

With this medicine at hand I am enabled to enjoy a good night's rest, also food such as meat and pastry which I have been deprived of for twenty-five years. If any doubt this statement I will send the proof at once—GARRETT LANSING, Troy, N. Y.

Jay Sweet, Albany, N. Y., says: It is my pleasure, if not my absolute duty towards those who are struggling for very life against the deadly diseases of the kidneys, to add my testimony to the already weighty evidence of

THE MARVELOUS EFFICACY OF Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. My wife was a hopeless case, abandoned by the physicians. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy of Rondout, N. Y., was resorted to; not because any hope was placed in it, but because nothing else remained. The effect was little short of a miracle. At the second bottle of the Favorite Remedy she had regained strength, and continuing the treatment she has fully recovered. Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for book on Kidney, Liver and Blood Disorders. Mention this paper.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy

Rondout, N. Y. All druggists. \$1; 6 for \$5.

HALE'S HONEY

OF HOREHOUND AND TAR, A Wonderful Cure for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Croup and Whooping Cough. Banishes Coughs and Colds where other remedies have failed. Keep in readiness. 3 sizes—25c., 50c., \$1. Of all druggists. Beware of counterfeits.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in One Minute. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.



Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA

Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



As Different as Black from White

As different as black from white are the CUTICURA REMEDIES from all other remedies for the treatment of diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest medicines on earth. Had the worst case of Salt Rheum in this country. My mother had it twenty years, and in fact died from it. I believe CUTICURA would have saved her life. My arms, breast and head were covered for three years, which nothing relieved or cured until I used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, externally.

J. W. ADAMS, Newark, O.

YOUR CUTICURA REMEDIES performed a wonderful cure last Summer on one of our customers, an old gentleman of seventy years of age, who suffered with a fearfully distressing eruption on his head and face, and who had tried all remedies and doctors to no purpose.

J. F. SMITH & CO., Texarkana, Ark.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 Testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative refreshing, fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them. E. GRILLON, 27, Rue Rabelais, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

REGISTERED "SANITAS" TRADEMARK

Nature's Disinfectant.
THE PINE FOREST at HOME.
Should be in Every Household.

100,000 LIVES

ANNUALLY LOST IN THE UNITED STATES, from Scarlet Fever, Small Pox, Malaria, Dysentery, Enteric Fever, Measles, Diphtheria, Whooping Cough and Diarrhoea, can be saved by the regular use in every household of

"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT, which is colorless, non-poisonous, does not stain linen and is fragrant.

"Actuated by the same impulse which makes us turn our faces towards a fresh breeze" we "grasp a bottle of 'Sanitas' in a sick room." —ANNIE THOMAS in "Eye of Blenden."

"SANITAS" FLUID, OIL, POWDER, SOAPS, &c. 40 Cents each Preparation.

To be had of all Druggists, and of the American & Continental "Sanitas" Co., (Limited.) 636-642 West 55th Street, N. Y.

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Strengthens the intellect, restores lost functions, builds up worn-out nerves, promotes good digestion, cures all weaknesses and nervousness.

56 WEST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK.

I have been afflicted since last March with a Skin disease the doctors called Eczema. My face was covered with scabs and sores, and the itching and burning were almost unbearable. Seeing your CUTICURA REMEDIES so highly recommended, concluded to give them a trial, using the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, and RESOLVENT internally, for four months. I call myself cured, in gratitude for which I make this public statement.

Mrs. CLARA A. FREDERICK, Broad Brook, Conn.

I must extend to you the thanks of one of my customers, who has been cured, by using the CUTICURA REMEDIES, of an old sore, caused by a long spell of sickness or fever eight years ago. He was so bad he was fearful he would have to have his leg amputated, but is happy to say he is now entirely well—sound as a dollar. He requests me to use his name, which is H. H. CASSON, merchant, of this place.

JOHN V. MINOR, Druggist, Gainsboro, Tenn.

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More Facts.

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Yours, J. F. & H. B. UTLEY.

HAYESVILLE, OHIO, Feb. 11, 1884.

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